

(Answers found in this issue of
MISSIONS.)

- November is the Month
of Drive for Subscribers*

Address—276 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ADDRESS ALL BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS TO MISSIONS, 1701 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Send all changes of address and subscriptions to 1701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and not to 278 Fifth Avenue, New York, in order to avoid remailing and delay.

LETTERS FOR EDITOR, DR. H. B. GROSE, 276 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Entered at the Post-office at Philadelphia as second class matter, acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1920.



A Suggestion Looking Toward Next Christmas—None Too Early

THE ATTRACTIVE PICTURE given above shows the remarkable group of dolls which the Ladies' Mission Circle, of the First Baptist Church, of Glen Falls, N. Y., dressed for Miss Julia Bent for Christmas distribution in her school at Madras, India. Miss Bent is standing at the right of the picture. Besides the dolls, many toys, such as marbles and tops, together with picture-books, went in the box. The corresponding secretary of the Circle, who sends the photograph, says: "Miss Bent is a member of our church, which supports her. We are very proud of her and of the good work she is doing."

MISSIONS

VOLUME 11

OCTOBER, 1920

NUMBER 9

A Candid Word With Our Subscribers



MISSIONS has to announce, for the first time in its history, an advance in subscription price. From and after November 1, 1920, the single subscriptions will be \$1.25, the club rate will be \$1.00. The great bulk of the subscribers are in clubs, so that the common cost will be one dollar. No one will say that this is not low, when the quality of the magazine is considered.

This action was not taken without the most serious consideration, and was the only practical way of escape from an intolerable deficit. Doubtless the price should have been raised a year or more ago, but in the midst of an unexampled campaign it was deemed inadvisable to divert attention from the main issues by any changes that could be avoided. With the doubling in cost of paper, manufacturing, and distribution, it became evident that unless an advance in price was made a deficit of appalling amount would result. Deterioration was not to be thought of. We know our readers will agree that a raise in price is far better than any lowering of the present high standard.

The Buffalo Convention fixed the limit of MISSIONS' deficit at \$25,000. This necessitates the advance. And surely the subscribers would rather share the burden—each bearing a little—than have the whole fall on the missionary societies. It will be the earnest purpose to reduce the deficit far below the sum allowed, and this we can do if our list is maintained. The Southern Baptist Convention missionary

magazine has raised its price to \$1.00; the Presbyterian *New Era* is \$1.00, and its circulation has been pushed to over 100,000. That is what we believe our people will do. The dollar is no indication of the value of MISSIONS.

To show the necessity for the advance, consider these figures: The paper in March, 1917, cost \$1,874; in March, 1920, \$4,000. Printing bill in March, 1917, \$856.45; in March, 1920, \$2,246. Mailing and clerical cost in March, 1917, \$490; in March, 1920, \$1,136. This will indicate the impossibility of continuing, when at the 1917 prices there was a deficit. No one can tell what the price of paper will be, nor what raises labor may insist upon.

MISSIONS has always been run on the most economical basis consistent with first quality. We have a subscription list of 65,000, and friends the world around. We are proud of our clientele. We are sure our subscribers will respond heartily to the new rate, renew promptly, and enlist their friends.

We have not space for the customary chat about the contents of this issue, but we ask you to read the article "On the Shelf at Sixteen," that of "The Unbound Foot," and "The Alumni of America," and then say candidly if any one of the three is not worth the subscription price for a year. And they are but samples of scores of others. We shall do all in our power to make this the best year of MISSIONS in contents. Will you do yours to make it the best year in subscriptions?

Read the announcement of Denominational Paper Month on page 575.

START NOW FOR THE NOVEMBER DRIVE FOR SUBSCRIBERS
—ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND "MISSIONS" READERS IS
THE GOAL—ONCE A SUBSCRIBER ALWAYS A SUBSCRIBER

The Middle of Mystery

A MONOLOG ABOUT SADIYA

BY A. C. BOWERS, M. D.

WELL, I do declare! It's really you! Come right in and have this chair. You'll find it comfortable. Do sit there and rest and get cool. Hot, did you say? Yes indeed, almost enough to raise blisters on a toad's back.

"It's such a pleasure to have you come. I always do so enjoy hearing you talk and I intend to have a good time listening to you while you are here. You really think that you would like to go somewhere and see something? Well, it's the desire to get the best of the wild and the spirit of adventure on top of a lot of innate curiosity that has led many a fellow into a big scrape and many another to great discoveries. The spirit of adventure has sent men to the Poles and to the heart of Africa, but the spirit of love for men sent Thompson to Assam to be drowned like a rat in a trap.

"Oh, you hadn't heard of it? Well, it's a most interesting story. In those early days when China was closed to the world, our missionaries wanted to get in. Isn't that like human nature?

"Yes, as you say, missionaries are merely men and women and perhaps as curious as the rest. But it's consecrated curiosity. It was more than this that led the missionaries in Burma to talk over the closed doors to the millions in China. 'Can we not go through northern Burma and reach China?' they said. But the way was closed by mountains and wild tribes and there was no possibility of getting in that way. Without doubt they talked of Assam also, for the British Government was in charge of the country and much nearer the borders of China than Burma in those days.

"Just then an invitation came from the British officers in Assam asking that missionaries be sent. It was felt that they might help teach the people something that would make them stop hunting heads. You say you are surprised that the officials should ask for missionaries; you always thought that foreign government officials opposed mission work? No indeed. It is usually the other way. They are glad to see mission work done. They believe there are better ways of letting light into thick craniums than through bullet holes, and they felt that Christianity was the best medicine. A lot of the early officers, and indeed of those here today, were earnest Christian men. Yes, it's true as you say, that some of them kept Carey out of British territory, but it is also true that later he was employed by the government at a high salary which he used in his mission work.

"Well, when that invitation came to send missionaries to Assam, Brown and Cutter were ready to go. It was not long till they had sailed for Calcutta. From there they went up the Brahmaputra River in small boats.

"What a delightful trip, you say. Dear me, yes, if you go nowadays. But deliver me from their little boat journey. Why? Only because what we do in

ten days took them four months, some trips took six. Their boats were so small it was impossible to stand up when once you were inside. Wouldn't you feel a little bit uncomfortable to have to sit on the floor or to lie down if you wanted to take the kinks out of your spine and legs? Then beside this the smell of dirty bilge water is not the most delightful odor imaginable. Centipedes running up and down your back and an occasional scorpion do not add to the delights of a river trip to any appreciable extent, do they? But when you are going some place and get along at the rate of perhaps an entire mile in an entire day you would hardly feel like smiling out loud, would you? I know most of us would feel somewhat aggrieved. Then the food!

"Didn't they have good hotels? **HOTELS!** Wasn't such a thing inside a thousand miles any direction except in Calcutta, and they were getting away from that as fast as they could. Yes, it's true a mile a day isn't very fast, but usually they went five miles the day. Oh, you would like to know what they did eat then! Well, from Calcutta they brought rice, potatoes, onions, peas, and beans, and dried things of this kind. Flour and bacon and some kind of grease to cook with was also in their stores. Sometimes they could obtain chickens from the villages. Quite fair living, you should say? I'd like to see you try it! No bread, no butter, none of the hundred and one things that you eat every day. Just think of it—no pie, no cake, no ice nearer than the tops of the Himalaya Mountains some hundreds of miles away; rice, rice, rice in any or all ways to disguise the taste of rice. Chicken with rice, potatoes with rice, curry with rice, bacon with rice, just say rice, rice, for half an hour and you will not be as tired saying it as they were eating it. But there were times when they could not get even rice. Why not? Because the other little boat that was with them was the cook boat; when the river was bad it would separate the two boats and the travelers would be without food or any way of cooking it. You begin to think that they did have some discomforts! Yes indeed, I agree with you.

"But you know they were trying to get to China. It's a long, long way to China via Assam. In fact, after nearly a hundred years we're not there yet by this route. Truth is that the Lord opened the front door and we do not need to try this side any more. But when they got to Sadiya and were able to get all the kinks out of their joints, they built houses, set up their printing-press, and went to work trying to convert the natives. They had no silly notions about uplifting them, but they had one aim and that was to convert the natives to faith in Jesus Christ.

"You presume that their troubles were less after this? Well, less in a way. They had a good time in seeing books made after they had spent hot, hard hours for months studying the language; but these

results came only after the hardest kind of hard work. When they wanted to build a house they did not have an axe. They made one. There were no bricks to build the chimney, so they burned them. No windows or glass for windows, so they had holes in the walls. No cuts for printing their books, so they trained men to make their own cuts. You are right, they did certainly do things.

"After a few years the Kamptis came. Who were they? Oh, one of the wild tribes that lived in the hills not far from Sadiya! They were bold men and good fighters. They could certainly make things interesting. One night they attacked the station and killed one of the government officers. On account of being friendly they had passed the mission houses on their way to the cantonment. God does care for his own. But the British have always been brave men ready in an emergency. Though taken by surprise, they put up such a stiff fight that the Kamptis were driven off. Many were killed and the others were punished. The British have had to deal thus with a number of these wild tribes at different times. Just recently the Abors and some of the Nagas have given trouble. Now all are quiet and peaceful. Have these wild tribes never attacked missionaries? Not in all the history of Assam has one missionary been injured in any of these tribal raids. Some of our men have gone among the wildest of them and have had absolutely no trouble. Not so long ago, two ladies traveled alone for a number of weeks among the Garos, who forty years ago were head-hunters. Christianity has made that possible.

"Did you know that only a few years ago the Abors, who live in the hills near Sadiya, attacked and killed some of the government officers? No. Well, our medical missionary up there escaped because he happened to be on furlough. The political officer in charge led an expedition which punished the tribe severely, and the government keeps troops at various places to hold the Abors in check. They are peaceful now and seem to have no desire to molest anyone since they know who is master. Sadiya now seems assured of being permanent.

"Was it ever moved? Yes indeed. After the Kampti raid the government did not have forces enough to protect the country, and the Kamptis drove all the villagers away. Then the headquarters of the government and the missionaries went to Jaipur. As this was not healthy, they went to Sibsagor. Yes, we still have a station and a missionary there.

"What is there at Sadiya now? Well, it is one of our fine stations. There are two bungalows, a hospital, a church, a school, and a Christian village. There is the *Misheng*—the mission launch. She is called *Misheng* because that means Miri, and it is for

this tribe that the boat is used. The missionary has preached among them for 150 miles down the river from Sadiya. Why, do you know that on one tour about twenty thousand heard the Word! Beside this preaching, medicine and books are distributed. Dr. Kirby prepares the medicines in the hospital, and also treats thousands of cases there. In addition to this, thousands of bottles of medicines are sent to missionaries all through the valley and in this way the people get good medicines at a small price.

"Does it do any good? Sure, it's one of the greatest means ever found of reaching men's hearts. Sometimes the way is through a sore toe or foot, but it makes no difference just so a way is made for the gospel.

"Just a few days ago a young Abor was sitting on the veranda at Sadiya. I could speak no Abor and he could talk only a little Assamese, but he showed me a great scar on his foot.

"It was very sore," he said. 'I had so much pain I wanted to do this—' and he pulled his heavy knife out of its sheath and made as though he would plunge it into his bowels.

"It was very great pain, but the Padri Sahib (medical missionary) put medicine on and it got well."

"Are they becoming Christians? None of the tribe have been baptized as yet, but some call themselves Christians. We have schools in two villages. Others are asking for teachers, but government forbids anyone to go into the country beyond a certain line, so we will have to wait a bit.

"It is a wonderful country, and a great opportunity. The schools, the medicines, and the preaching will certainly lead many to Christ if we can keep them going. What? You think that with the Intensive Policy of the Society we should be able to develop it quickly! You say, surely it is being applied in Sadiya! Applied!! Yes, indeed, with a vengeance. It is being applied to cut down appropriations, to close work, to turn boys away from schools, to choke off our supply of future preachers and workers. It is being applied to kill off missionaries too. In Sadiya our medical men were as busy as two men could be, and when they both had to go on furlough the intensive policy is so intense that it had no man to put in their place, but had to bring Bowers from Goalpara, and add two more men's work on to his own. Yes, indeed, the Intensive Policy is being applied intensively. But it is an intensive kill-off.

"Oh, must you be going? I have so enjoyed your visit; you are such a pleasant talker. Do come again as soon as you can. Good-bye."

Sadiya, Assam.

THIS IS CERTAINLY A VERY EFFECTIVE AND INTERESTING WAY OF PUTTING THE CASE, AS OUR READERS WILL AGREE; AND WE THINK DR. BOWERS HAS SET AN EXAMPLE THAT IS LIKELY TO BE FOLLOWED IN REGARD TO OTHER MISSION FIELDS THAT NEED TO BE EXPLOITED

THE GENERAL BOARD OF PROMOTION OF THE NORTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

J.Y. Aitchison, D.D., General Director

A Spiritual Challenge

AT Denver in 1919 the Northern Baptists launched the most challenging program ever undertaken by any great Christian denomination. The task was vast, but not impossible. It required for its full accomplishment a closely and heartily united denomination and thorough teamwork. Only united faith, prayer, and consecration would carry out the campaign to complete success. The time was short, but there was no alternative. The attempt must be made to raise in a single campaign the One Hundred Million Dollars demanded by the necessities of our missionary and educational work, as shown by our Survey. We all know the results of the April-May campaign, and how the Buffalo Convention voted unanimously that we must go forward immediately and finish the undertaking. Hence we are now planning to complete the task which constitutes a spiritual challenge we cannot escape.

The first point to be emphasized is that this great undertaking was from the first and is now preeminently and distinctively spiritual. Some have felt that too much stress was laid upon giving, but no such charge can justly be laid to the origin or leadership of the New World Movement. The strong emphasis has been laid upon the absolute necessity of dependence upon God, upon prayer, upon evangelism, upon stewardship. Go over the program from Denver on, and you will find that the beginnings were in evangelism, and that the aims and objects were spiritual and not material. It was fully recognized that such a task could never be successfully carried out unless the spiritual life of our churches was awakened, enriched, and deepened.

The true scriptural basis of stewardship has been insisted upon in all the literature issued by the General Board of Promotion on this vital subject.

This is essential to remember, as we engage in the further efforts to bring the kingdom vision of the New World Movement to the hundreds of our churches and thousands of our people who have as yet taken no part in the campaign whose success or failure involves all our great denominational enterprises and obligations. No church and no church-member engaging whole-heartedly in the work of completing the undertaking at Denver and now in process can fail to receive spiritual benefit. The testimony to this effect from pastors and laymen is overwhelming. Many churches have had revivals, many have found new life, many have measured up to responsibilities hitherto unknown. It is true that there was a financial goal, but this was always a goal whose objective was spiritual. It was the spirit of the movement that brought the divine blessing and benediction.

Let the truth be realized, then, that this year the first seeking is for the power from above. The first prayer is for a revival of true religion in all our churches. The first planning is for the salvation of men. The first objective is such a realization of the presence of God in our membership as shall lead to full determination to do his will and carry out the Great Commission given to his disciples.

There are great difficulties to be overcome. This is always true. But there are no difficulties insurmountable if only in all our churches the spirit of the living God shall come in pentecostal power.

Let us plan wisely and press forward persistently. But first, let us pray and pray till the power comes from above. Only so shall we be able to meet the spiritual challenge.

A Message from the General Director

We are yet in the midst of an unfinished, though not impossible, task. The information and vision of the New World Movement have not yet reached hundreds of our churches and multitudes of our people. Our duty will not be fully discharged until all have opportunity to respond to the full measure of their abilities and of our Lord's expectations. When this is accomplished, we shall have a new and richer spirit in our churches, as well as the desired subscriptions for \$100,000,000.

We must not allow ourselves to say, "It can't be done." *It can.* It *must* and *will* be done. Those upon whom rests the responsibility of leadership in the various sections of our country must receive together a new realization of the all-embracing presence of the Divine Spirit in a task which has for its objective the Lordship of Jesus in human life. Without this, "It cannot be done"; with this, "It *will* be done."

God is abundantly able to give us the victory for which we have so earnestly prayed and worked, and without which the future will be uncertain and disappointing to our churches and, most of all, to our missionaries on the far-flung battle-line. Any anticipation short of an early completion of the subscriptions to the \$100,000,000 fund is not of faith, and hence is unworthy of Baptists facing a world responsibility commensurate with Christ's purposes in world redemption.

On the other hand, the determination to finish our task presents the greatest challenge of our history. Therefore must we not depend far more fully upon divine leadership and power? From that source we may find new strength, courage, and wisdom to win the victory to which we have dedicated our lives. It is not to be considered that we should fail our Lord in this crisis.

On the Shelf at Sixteen

*THE CHAPEL TELLS ITS OWN STORY, A STORY OF
VICTORY AND GREATER LIFE THROUGH SURRENDER*

BY LUELLA ADAMS

W. A. B. H. M. S. Missionary at Rankin, Pennsylvania

I

JUDGING from first appearances one might think that my story was a sad one, for I am only sixteen years old and about ready to be laid on the shelf, and that because I am "unfit for service." Those sixteen years have real history crammed into them. It's foundation history that counts, and I was the beginning. Indeed, there wasn't much of a town at all when I, the First Baptist Church of Rankin, stood there on Third Avenue. The few American families lived down the hill and from that group came my Sunday congregations. My street was not even paved, and the public school beside me was, oh, so very small. Back of us were vacant lots and trees, and just stretches of brown earth. In front we could see the river because no brick buildings were obstructing our view, but we could also see smoke rising down there beside the river, and smoke always means something. In a curious way I looked over at the public school as much as to say, "What does it mean?"

But all the answer I had was, "Ding, dong, ding, dong."

"I will see for myself what all this means," I sighed, "and if that smoke from those stacks down there in the valley and I have any relation to each other, time will tell." And it surely has.

Each morning those whistles blew and it seemed they said, "Come, men, come work in the mill." From many lands men answered that call. Every day saw new faces in our town, I began to miss some of the old ones, and wondered why, until one day I heard a nicely dressed woman say, "We are selling out, don't think for a minute we are going to live in this town any longer."

Just what was the matter with the town made me curious again, and, thinking the public school ought to know everything, I looked across the way.

But it was the same "Ding, dong, ding, dong."

And, as I looked, I saw several hundred children in line before the open door. "Who are you, and where did you come from?" I gasped in the same breath.

The only answer was, "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands." Then a gentle breeze carried to my ears the familiar strain, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."

Not long after that bricks were carried to the lot beside the public school and soon a nice large building began to grow. Why in the world they were growing so rapidly and I had not changed one mite was very humiliating to me. Because I was a Church, perhaps, had something to do with it.

II

Then I remember one night when the usual small group of people came. Their faces were puzzled. I suspected all sorts of things from the resignation of the senior deacon to a bazaar. I can tell what happened briefly, and remembering my feelings that night I would just as soon. I was the one concerned, my character was changed and my name too. From henceforth I was to be a Mission. These good people who had built me with such pride and watched over me so long in some way now gave up. Surely I had done my best, yet they were going to leave me. What was going to become of me was more than I could tell, and my grief was almost unbearable. But come what may, that public school should never know my disgrace. You see that is actually what I thought at that time, but I was not sixteen years old then, and one does not know everything until one is sixteen.

From this time forth my education was rapid. On Sunday, instead of those good faithful ones whom I had grown so accustomed to, five children came trudging in. They were fairly clean, but not like the children in those "good old days." With this little group were two women. It seemed they got things mixed up, because only half of the time could I understand what one of them said. No one had ever told me there was any other way to express yourself than in English, and how was I to know? Yet here was one of the most earnest women I had ever seen talking in eight different tongues. Not all at once, of course; but when Mary with the dark hair and eyes came, she talked in what I now know as Croatian. To Elizabeth she spoke in Hungarian and to Anna in Slovak. I shall never forget the way they prayed that day. They seemed to have a big job ahead and just a heap of opposition. Nevertheless, they knew God was on their side, and from that I knew they were on the right side. Then I was ashamed of my disappointment at losing my fine folk, and decided I would gladly help any way I could. But now I realize how human I was. The time came very soon when I could help in such a different way than I had expected that I didn't want to help at all, unless they would let me help in my own way and I didn't have any way to help.

On Wednesday those same little folks and a few more came to me. Oh, the horrors of that afternoon! No longer was I a stately little chapel. Those children laughed and sewed. They dropped threads upon my clean floor, and with their rough shoes they scratched my shiny paint. Small skirts and dresses were everywhere in evidence, and, alas, for me, I thought I had been turned into a tailor shop.

"They never did that before," I repeated again and again. But I was the only one that was sad. The others just bubbled over with joy. Before they left that day, they sang, and this time I could understand. Perhaps it was for my benefit, but, oh, it was so different from the lovely hymns I had been accustomed to. Perhaps that is why I remember it so well. It had a lively swing; yet there was strength and the spirit was not lacking as those sweet voices rang out,

Jesus loves the little children,
All the children of the world,
Red and yellow, black and white,
They are precious in his sight,
For he loves the little children of the world.

Then a story was told about a missionary, who had gone out to some unheard-of country to tell some unheard-of tribe about the Christ. Here I was puzzled again. Didn't everybody in the world have someone to tell them about Christ without some of the best people here going way off to do it? After that they prayed again. I never heard anyone ask for so many things before as though they expected to get them and do a little of the "going after" besides. More singing followed and then the children shuffled out with the repeated echo, "Can we come again Sunday?"

There was one satisfaction I had, I wasn't going to be like a regular tailor shop, anyway, because I know they don't fold their coats and things away and sing jolly songs and take time to tell stories.

III

The weeks came and went and with them the numbers increased, more children and their fathers and mothers. I was getting quite accustomed to this new life, and it really was interesting. I watched these new people very carefully, and no one knows better than I the changes that took place. Not that they began to dress better, though they did that too, but they seemed to grow less rough. Their faces became friendly, and in their lives I saw glimpses of that same spirit that I had seen in the lives of these others who were working there. It was that spirit of love, that spirit of brotherhood, that spirit that is akin to the spirit of the Christ. Yes, and some of these changed people went out to tell the story to those in other cities. I never dreamed it could be such a wonderful thing to feel the need strong enough to "leave all and follow him." It was glorious, and how proud I was. Since good had resulted, I was human enough to claim the credit. At last, reconciled and convinced, I felt like saying, "Lord, forgive me, for I understood not this new task."

One morning as the sun came out I looked over at that new school and almost shouted, "You're not the only one that is adapting yourself to this changing town. I too am different. I am helping to make others different, even as you, and as the voices in your halls sing out 'My country,' so here they are learning to sing 'My Jesus, I Love Thee.' Our work is after all a supplementary one; we are not independent of each other; let us be friends."

And for the first time it seemed to give assent as the bell pealed forth, "You're right, you're right, keep on, keep on."

I did "keep on" for ten, twelve, fourteen years, and oh, I felt so satisfied and happy, just to do what I had been doing. Then one day I was alarmed. Of course I knew our town had been growing. Our street had been paved. I knew that those green trees had been cut down and houses had been built, row upon row of them. I also knew that there were more mill stacks and, oh, very much more smoke. But now, my friend the public school was again putting up a new building, far larger and better than either of the others.

"Crowded to the limit," someone said. The news was almost too much for me.

It would not have been quite so terrible if they had looked over in the usual way and said, "Ding, dong," or "Keep on"; but now as this fine new modern building began to show itself, they glanced over at me, a tiny chapel, and called "Wake up, wake up."

IV

Then came the inventory. First I examined myself. How shabby! The old red wall-paper was black with smoke and dirt, and one could never tell what color of paint was on the outside. I actually wonder that I had any friends left. But there are always some who stand by through thick and thin, and this was thick, thick with dirt. Shortly I was repaired and my former feeling of self-respect returned. I was ready for anything.

Then I lifted up my eyes and looked out on the town. Such a busy place! Those mills and furnaces never slept. In the daytime heavy clouds of smoke ascended, while at night hundreds of lurid flames leaped forth into the sky. Many barges stood at the wharf in the river and the mill yards were crowded with freight-cars waiting to carry away the tons of steel the men in our town had produced. It was all wonderful.

Those men! Who wondered that when their work for the day was finished, or when the night's turn was past, they were too tired to rest and so sought to drown their fatigue in the corner saloon and then turn their steps to the room or rooms they called home, there to eat a morsel of food and sleep until a new day called them forth to labor.

The women! Wives of these hard-working men, mothers of many children, landladies to long lists of boarders, what did life hold for them? The honor of wedlock, but not the social companionship that makes life ideal; the joys of motherhood, but not the knowledge of how to rear their young in the wisest way; the certainty of income and the protection of home, but not freedom from its many cares and responsibilities.

The young life of my city, what of them? The vigor and enthusiasm of youth, into what channels was it being directed? There was the cheap movie and the dance-hall that the girls, especially, frequented in large numbers; the pool-rooms and bowling-alleys that held a time-limited attraction for the

young men, until the call of the mill and the factory took away the desire for recreation.

The children! Those thousands of happy boys and girls eager for fun and frolic, what did not the city offer them? Long hours of independence unwatched by the overburdened mother, the street and the alley for a playground, the unguarded river as a swimming-pool, and in some cases a public-school education.

The babies! And our town averaged a new baby every day. What welcome did we hold forth for them? Well, there was a cradle in which they could be rocked to sleep.

I had now seen the town in a new light, and the third examination followed. Did I bear a relation to that? Was it my chief duty to strengthen myself or, forgetting myself, to serve and uplift the community in which I lived? What was I doing? Where was there chance for improvement? These were the much-pondered questions, and you only can understand who have likewise passed through the struggle of adaptation. Finally I surrendered—at least, partly. I was willing to be used in any way that I might grow into greater usefulness.

The change that came was like a great evolution, for while the old order yet remained, many new things were introduced until every day in the week found me standing on Third Avenue with open doors welcoming different groups.

Yet I found it impossible to "keep sweet" all the time in relation to this change, though I knew it was beneficial to a far larger number than I had ever served before, not that I was un-Christian, but because I had entered this new age with preconceived ideas.

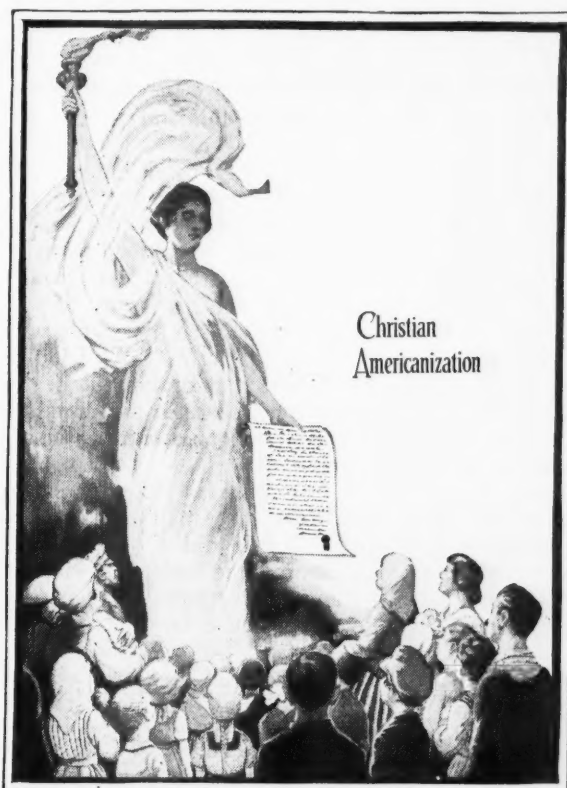
My humiliation in former years when I became like a tailor shop was small in comparison with what I experienced now. "Manual training," they called it, but it just means that I became like a carpenter shop. Boys! Five, ten, fifteen, twenty; they had to stop coming; there was no more room. Boys at work with hammer and saw, making chips upon my floor, scratching my fresh paint, scattering sawdust about, and creating such noise as was never heard within my domain. I forgot it was the life of youth that was being dealt with and I was of secondary importance, and more than that, I had forgotten that the Master himself was a carpenter.

Things came so rapidly there was scarcely time to get contented with one change before another appeared in view. One day some song-books that had been on my shelves for years and years were taken out and deliberately burned. It seems that some people were born without sentiment. But now, you will be shocked, a library was started. From north, east, south, and west, books came. "Tom Swift" series, and "The Motor Boys," "Jack Ward," and "Dotty Dimple," and even fiction, some by Gene Porter and another Eleanor Porter, White and Fox, yes, even Mother Goose are jammed and crammed upon my shelves—six hundred of them. At first I could not see the sense of it; but I do now. There are about 200 members reading good books while Jessie James and Mary J. Holmes are following Southworth out of town.

Then came that group of children, 100 strong, calling themselves "Crusaders," and taking their regular seats just as though they were reserved, listening to the story of "Mook" or watching eagerly while stereopticon pictures were shown.

Mother's meetings took on new interest and pictures brought home to them more plainly than words alone the deeper meaning of God's love. But alas! Was not I becoming like a movie? Oh, dear, oh, dear, would life's tragedies never cease? When I analyzed the result of those pictures, it was plain to be seen they had "brought forth good fruit." The trouble was with me I had become a "Chronic Objector."

Yet things progressed and the World Wide Guild was taking no small part in all this advancing. "Oh,



NOW I UNDERSTOOD. MY RELATION TO THIS TOWN AND TO THESE MILL PEOPLE MUST BE AS A LIGHT, SHOWING THEM THE "TRUE WAY" AND SERVING LIKE HIM WHO CAME, "NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO, BUT TO MINISTER"

let us put on a play," they often said, "we want to do something," so teeming over with life were those twenty girls. But I shook my head, "What would people say?" My old argument that "We have never done that before" was losing weight, and at last my consent was forced. A missionary pageant was given and everyone declared it was splendid. I surely was glad I had loaned them my platform and sorry it was so small. It was just dawning upon me that I was small in so many ways when I should have

been big. If there is anything that makes one feel small it is to realize one is not big enough for the job.

It was too late now, however, to turn back and I kept on. The Worth While Boys came next and in time graced my platform with a fine scout play.

V

What I have told is after all only a small part of the work being done. Yet I think it had something to do with a new poster that was put on the wall, a picture of Liberty holding up a torch and hundreds of people, just like those who were now coming to me, were crowding close, lifting up their faces imploringly and Liberty was lighting the way. "Christian Americanization" was printed plainly. Was I, as I stood for the higher and better things of life, like Liberty? Was all this new work included in Christian Americanization? Now I understood. My relation to this town and to these mill people must be as a light, showing them the "true way" and serving like Him who came, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

The deeper meaning of the first poster had scarcely been absorbed when another far more puzzling was pinned on my side wall. Out of the sky as blue as the sky at midnight a luminated cross sent forth its light upon every corner of the earth. First it was a picture of Liberty lighting the pathway of the strangers within our gates, now I see the whole wide world made radiant by a shining cross. As I looked upon India, China, and Africa and thought of the millions that I had heard lived there in darkness and how few there were to tell the story, I sighed, What's the use, it can't be done.

I had forgotten that Christ said, "Go ye," regardless of the difficulties, and that man can "do all things through Christ." Little did I know of the new spirit that was gripping the hearts of Baptists everywhere, causing them to give more of their time, their money, their devotion, and even their own life, as they took up the cross and followed him. Little did I know of the survey that had been taken, showing the needs of the world, and that Baptists were reaching out to meet their share of the responsibility.

But why should I worry about what was going on in the rest of the world? I had all I could do to look after things at home, and if I made bright my little corner on Third Avenue in our town that surely was all that could be expected. Little did I know that while I was thinking such thoughts my own life had been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." A survey had been made of my city and the challenge of the needs as yet unmet were irresistible. No one blamed me and they didn't talk about me much. Right from the beginning they all agreed that I was "too small" and "altogether unsuitable." But they talked much of the opportunities and how to meet them. New York, Chicago, and Pittsburgh all nodded their heads and proclaimed the verdict "Christian Center." A Christian Center was coming, coming right to Third Avenue where I stood.

Even my people became enthusiastic. It was all they could talk about, and they began to work and pray and give as they never had done before. I must go, but in my place was coming something that would send forth the light of the cross with new radiance upon the men, women, and children of a whole city. It was now, not only the challenge of the Cause I stood for, but because I had learned to love these people more than myself that I was willing to make the supreme sacrifice and give up my life.

What the Christian Center will do is not mine to tell. But I know it comes at the opportune moment



SO I CAME TO SEE OUR NEW WORLD MOVEMENT. FIRST IT WAS A PICTURE OF LIBERTY LIGHTING THE PATHWAY OF THE STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES, NOW I SEE THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD MADE RADIANT BY A SHINING CROSS

to save a city bound in the grip of industrialism and "draw all men unto Him." To such a cause it is dedicated and I wish it well.

Mine has been the privilege to tell of the long struggle of selfishness and at last the joy of complete surrender. And you who have heard my story, forget not the great lessons of life; we must die to ourselves, if we would live for others, and we must live for others if we would live for Him.

If some day, after I am no more, any friends would remember and ask about the little chapel on Third Avenue, will you who know my story point to the Christian Center and say, I was the street that led up to it, I was the foundation on which it rested? At last the victory over myself has been won. I have helped the Cause. I die happy.

THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST TOLD MISSIONARY STORIES WE HAVE BEEN PRIVILEGED TO GIVE OUR READERS, AND WE HOPE MISS ADAMS WILL SOON WRITE AGAIN

The Unbound Foot and What It Means

BY ELSIE McCORMICK

(Interchurch Correspondent in the Far East)

I

IT is a popular American impression that China is a crab upon the path of progress, traveling sideways instead of going forward. Through a long stretch of centuries this may have been partly true, but the coming of the missionaries and the opening of the country to Western civilization have put roller skates under the crab and sent him forward at an astonishing speed.

There is the city of Nanking, for example, a former capital of the empire, a center of the old Confucian learning, and a bulwark for ancient Chinese traditions. A cross-section of Nanking life, as observed by Miss Ella Shaw, of the Bible Training School, when she came to the city thirty-three years ago, compared to the city today indicates changes sweeping enough to satisfy the most rapid-fire reformer. Though the East refuses to be hustled, it can be led, and in recognizing this fact missionaries have proved wiser than diplomats or business men.

In the Nanking of today one observes two foreign hotels, many foreign homes, and a considerable number of Americans and Europeans who ride peacefully through the city in rickshaws with scarcely a glance from the native population. "During my first five years in Nanking, I ventured only twice from the hill where our compound was located to the center of the city," Miss Shaw stated. "Why was that?" inquired one of her hearers. "Because I would have been stoned by the mob," she replied quietly. "I entered the city on one occasion to address an evangelistic meeting. Such a hostile crowd swarmed into the hall that the meeting was impossible and I was rescued with difficulty by a few of the men missionaries. One of them said that he would never again ask a woman worker to lead a meeting in Nanking." Today woman missionaries foreign residents were driven from the city. On one and unmolested as they would be in Boston or Baltimore.

Three different times during twoscore years all foreign residents were driven from the city. On one occasion the Methodist church and school were burned by the mob. During the last revolution, however, scores of refugees crowded to the mission compounds for shelter, because, they said, the compounds were the safest places in the city, as the fighting elements would not think of molesting the Christians. The haughty, uncompromising attitude of the officials thirty-three years ago has given place to the spirit which prompted the president of the provincial assembly to march with the Christian students to the American consulate last May, in order to present the Chinese claims to Shantung.

Less than forty years ago, there was not one girl in school in the entire city of Nanking. The only means for a girl to obtain an education was to listen

outside the door while her brothers were being instructed by their tutor. If her brothers were being sent to school instead, she was denied even this opportunity. Mrs. Leaman, wife of a Presbyterian missionary, decided to do an unprecedented thing by organizing a girls' school. She advertised the fact long in advance, obtained equipment, and then, on the day announced for opening, happily awaited an influx of pupils. After remaining in wondering solitude until late afternoon, Mrs. Leaman was rewarded at last by the appearance of just one child—the daughter of her cook.

There was a temptation, of course, to flounce down somewhere and have a good cry, but Mrs. Leaman, being a missionary, was necessarily an opportunist. She took advantage of the chance as it presented itself, and for a whole year the one-pupil school was conducted with as much care as if its enrolment numbered hundreds. Then there came a period of floods and famine—a time when great suffering induced five families to give their daughters to the missionary, saying that they might just as well be eaten alive in the Christian school as to starve to death at home. With these additions to her scholastic family, Mrs. Leaman continued her work so effectively that the bearing and intelligence of her charges drew official attention.

II

The curtain is here rung down to indicate a lapse of thirty-five years. When it rises again upon the Nanking of today, it reveals one thousand girls in mission schools and a thousand more in government institutions that were opened after Mrs. Leaman proved that women could actually learn from books. One finds four large high schools, a Bible Teachers' Training School admitting only high-school graduates, and one of the two women's colleges offering a full four-year course. Behind the self-reliant, efficient girls of Ginling College lies the faith of a missionary who refused to be discouraged and the patient application of a servant's daughter, who determined to have an education regardless of what the sages had to say on the subject of education for women.

It is noteworthy also that *not one of the two thousand schoolgirls in Nanking is suffering from deformed feet*. Early in their history the mission schools of the city refused to admit bound-footed girls. For a time it seemed as if this policy would be a lasting barrier to their success. Parents refused to send their daughters on the ground that big feet would make them leftovers on the matrimonial market. But the mission schools remained firm, and these same parents later saw their daughters scorned by the best young men in the city—men who had been trained in the Nanking University, a mission institution, and who demanded wives with cultivated minds and normal feet.

When the first government school for girls opened its doors, the magistrate announced on opening day that no bound feet would be allowed to wander over the threshold. Broken-hearted, a number of the girls returned home, only to come back next day with large velvet slippers concealing their tiny shoes. Later on these girls went through the agonies of unbinding, which is said to be more painful than the original binding, in order to continue their education. The fact that the young women in school are as a rule from the best families of the city has helped to make normal feet fashionable. Foot-binding has by no means disappeared, as anyone who has visited Nanking can testify, but at least the custom is no longer considered smart and better-class women are not especially desirous of wearing shoes that say with every step, "I've never been to school! I've never been to school!"

Some of the most striking transformations have gone on behind the courtyard walls, away from the eye of the casual visitor. Thirty years ago all but coolie women were strictly secluded. They had no part even in the social life of their own homes, and they never appeared on the street except in covered sedan chairs. Today, in hundreds of Christian families the wife receives guests with her husband and presides as hostess at the table. When girls began to flock to school, the old social restrictions against women appearing on the street were necessarily lifted. Today women come and go quite as freely as their sisters in America.

The fact that girls can really be educated has caused them to be more highly regarded even in non-Christian homes and the custom of quietly eliminating superfluous girl babies has virtually disappeared. Houses are cleaner and better ordered; mothers have learned at mission baby clinics that children should live according to a schedule; and in Christian households a real family life has been evolved. The long reign of the mother-in-law is slowly drawing to a close. Among Christian people it is coming to be the custom that the mother-in-law should remain at home with her unmarried children, leaving her son and his wife to work out their marital salvation in a household of their own.

"When I first opened my home in Nanking, Chinese women flocked to see it in great numbers," Miss Shaw said. "They came in groups because of their intense fear of foreigners. I had to show them inside every closet and cupboard in the house, in order to prove that there were no kidnapped children around the premises awaiting the time when I should gouge out their eyes and hearts. Though I managed to eliminate this idea, it was more than two years before a Chinese woman would accept a cup of tea in my home. They were afraid that I would put some magic potion in it which would compel them to become Christians. But despite these fears their

delight in the pictures and curtains were boundless. One day, when I was talking about heaven, a woman glanced about the plainly furnished place and exclaimed, "You don't want to go to heaven do you? I wouldn't if I lived in a place like this!"

Today Miss Mary Kelly, of the Disciples Mission, is living under Chinese conditions in the heart of the city, just to show her neighbors how to make their homes more attractive. Social intercourse between foreigners and Chinese, whether Christians or non-Christians, is on terms of mutual trust and appreciation. Recently the entire gentry class of the city invited the missionaries to a great feast in order to express admiration for their work.

Thirty years ago even the best-educated people of Nanking believed that disease was caused by the action of malignant demons. Today, owing to the work of mission physicians, the city has a Chinese Commissioner of Public Health—a man who knows that the demons to be feared are mosquitoes and flies and dust. The streets are cleaned and sprinkled, and the death-rate, which formerly sought the high altitude record for China, has suddenly taken a nose dive. This is practical Christianity.

One of the chief sights in Nanking is the old examination halls, to which 20,000 students used to come every three years to compete for high government honors. Rows of tiny cells, each one barely large enough for a man to sit in, mark the place where the embryo sages patiently reproduced long passages from the classics. The possible prize of a government position kept them steadily at their work for twenty-four or even forty-eight hours at a time. Some of them died under the strain, and others, facing failure, committed suicide. The examination halls have fallen into ruin now, and the Chinese seem reluctant to show them to foreigners. They are no longer proud of this ancient system in which feats of memory took the place of scientific thought. Instead, they are interested in an institution on the other side of the city—a place which typifies the new learning of China; a place not of narrow cells furnished only with a chair, a table, and a lamp, but of modern buildings, well-equipped laboratories, and spacious lecture halls.

Nanking University, a Union Mission institution, draws students from all parts of the Republic. There are students sent by the governor of Shansi to study ways of improving the silk industry; there are men from the coast provinces who are learning methods of reforestation to prevent the floods which have caused so much havoc in China. The procession of scholars who carried ink-pot and brush into the deathlike examination halls has given place to brisk young men with fountain-pens and leather-covered note-books—men who realize that the true reward of learning is not the right to wear a mandarin coat, but the power to serve efficiently.

THIS EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING ARTICLE, FOR WHICH WE ARE INDEBTED TO THE INTERCHURCH WORLD MOVEMENT, WILL MAKE AN ADMIRABLE READING FOR A MISSIONARY MEETING, AND WILL BE A REVELATION AS TO THE SUCCESS AND SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA

"Sam"

BY HANNAH BURY

DISCOVERIES THAT TEACH THE THOUGHTFUL TEACHER

SAM was an Italian boy. His appearance was not prepossessing. He invariably came to school with dirty hands; and his face showed that he was either ignorant or unappreciative of the use of soap and of a pocket handkerchief. His mouth was large, and had good prospects of becoming larger, for Sam was a great baby and ever ready to cry on the smallest provocation. But his redeeming feature was this: he had beautiful brown eyes which would grow lustrous with an inner light when his soul was touched. On these occasions, indeed, he was transfigured, for he had too, an illuminating smile which shone from his eyes and beautified his face.

I discovered the real Sam in this way. We have in our city, within walking distance from the Italian quarter, a Public Library, Art Gallery, and Museum all under the same roof. I planned to take "my children" there in small groups on certain afternoons after dismissal from school. On a certain afternoon in the early summertime, Sam was one of the invited group. We were walking along Fifth Street. Suddenly Sam, who was in front with a companion, turned back to me, his none-too-clean face aglow with joy, as, pointing to two little green leaves straying on to the sidewalk from the little front yard of some tenement houses, he exclaimed: "Oh, teacher; see the little morning-glory!" That was a revelation. I was struck no less by the boy's spirit than by the beauty of the plant. It was soon apparent again. We passed a garden of violets and Sam showed the same loving appreciation of their living beauty. While I was still pondering how such a soul came to dwell in such a body, and contemplating what opportunities I had missed through my unconscious (though none the less inexcusable) "Can-any-good-come-out-of-this-Nazareth" kind of attitude, we reached the Library, and I led my little folks to the Children's Reading Room. Telling them they were at liberty to take what book they liked from the shelves and look at it, I took a seat in the background and looked on. By and by the children began to bring their chosen books to me, showing me some picture which attracted their attention; and I admired now an animal picture, now a "funny" picture, and again a picture of children at play.

But always when Sam came to me with the winning smile that invited me to share his own appreciation and pleasure, the pictures he brought were beautiful pictures in art colors—pictures of gently-rolling country where sheep pastured by still waters; or evening pictures of the mountain lands, where distant peaks were yet touched with the magic of the "after glow." The boy was not able to express himself in words; but when I put my own feeling about the picture into the choicest words I could find, that same illuminating smile and those wonderful eyes

told that "deep answered unto deep." Next we went up-stairs to the Art Gallery. On the principle of:

"Would'st thou teach the child? Observe him.
He will show thee what to do."

I suffered the children to wander round the gallery undirected. Very soon they began to ask questions about this picture and that and the other which had claimed their notice. With my interest in Sam now wide awake I quietly waited to see what would appeal to him. Presently he led me to two pictures—surely two of the most beautiful and touching pictures in the wide realm of sacred art—"The Adoration of the Shepherds" (Velasquez) and "Simeon in the Temple" (Rembrandt).

So eager was I to know more of Sam, that one Saturday my sister and I invited him to go with us to a large park, a long car ride from town. Mary, a little Italian girl, was also invited. How the children enjoyed that long ride on the street-car, past suburban residences, fronted by grassy lawns and beds of bright flowers. Arrived at the park, we ascended sixty-five steps (duly counted) to the roof of the Shelter House, whence a very extensive view is obtained. The children at first gazed around speechless. Then Sam cried in amazement: "De sky goes down slanting!" In that moment he had realized a larger world than he had dreamed of before. The physical horizon had rolled backward for him; and who shall say that his mental and spiritual horizon had not rolled backward in that same moment of wondering realization? They gazed north, south, east, and west, and then Mary laughingly said: "Sky all round, and we're in the middle."

"Every horizon we can see has a circular form," says the geography book. "A little child shall lead them," says the Book of books.

After a while we found a shady bench and opened our lunch parcels. Mary announced the pretty fancy that she was "Pippa"—having her "day"—her holiday; and ere we guessed her intention she had run away and seated herself on the grass beneath a nearby tree, laughing for sheer happiness. Lunch over, Sam gathered up the papers and started across the grass to put them in the waste-basket. Suddenly he stood still, then turned and called with that inimitable smile: "Ah, teacher; dere's a robin!" Yes, there he was, pausing on the back of a bench; and how Sam tiptoed nearer to get a better view of him. A rosebush grew near the Refreshment House. Here Sam and Mary were ostensibly playing ball. But Sam's heart was in the heart of the rosebush. He would throw the ball, in a spirit of good comradeship, but then not waiting to see its destination, he would turn and step back to smell the roses, until recalled by Mary's "Catch it, Sam!" Then he would run back dutifully to his post, only to return again to put

his arms lovingly around that rosebush. At last we had to tear him away, because there was still the Zoo to see, and the woods. But the lions and the tigers and the wolves and the monkeys never brought the soul to Sam's eyes as the roses did. He watched the animals intently, but it was with a curious gaze: there was no sign of that feeling which leaped forth at the sight of the rose and the robin. Then out into the woods for a brief while, and oh, the delight of the children to find a tree which "grew in Italia!" And last of all the big Clover Field, where we filled our baskets with the beautiful pink and white flowers.

And each time we moved on a few steps there would be an expressive "Oh!" as another exceptionally fine cluster of clover flowers was spied. Mary lay on her back among the clover and looked up at the sky; and I said, "Are you tired, Mary?" She said, "No—I'm happy!" As the sun began to dip toward the western horizon "Pippa" agreed it was time to turn faces homeward. And this we did, happy in the thought of a "baby-columbine" and a "baby-violet" tenderly placed among the fragrant clover in each basket, to be cared for and nourished in a little earth at home in memory of this happy day.



The Oriental Woman's Need of Christ

WE have noted the unrest and the questioning among Oriental women, but such discontent with the old may prove evil unless it is directed aright. We have rejoiced that new hopes have been born through education, social organization, and medical work, but we must make sure that the women of the East are to find their spiritual redemption—which will not come through education or social effort alone. A welfare worker was heard to say last winter that compulsory sanitation and compulsory education are the two things necessary for the reconstruction of the world. She had overlooked the fact that of these things the Germans were masters and that in those hands they had wrought for the destruction of the world. Something more is surely needed. While these blessed concomitants of religion are increasing rapidly, are the women of the East seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness? At present through an awakened interest in the Orient and a new appreciation of the wonderful possibilities of other races, coupled with a fear lest we be supercilious or patronizing, are we in danger of concluding that they do not need our Christian religion? A questionnaire was recently sent men and women in India and China, asking if they had observed any special religious development or awakening of spiritual consciousness during the war or since its close. Every reply referred to the great changes that have come and are still coming, and warned against the dangers which accompany new freedom. Without exception they emphasized the great need of more Christian schools for girls. As Prof. Chittanbar, the Christian leader at the college at Lucknow, expressed it: "It is not education alone that will help India's women. We have seen that the tendency of government education which is non-religious or anti-religious is to create a religious vacuum. The old superstitions are going. There is only this vacuum unless Christianity comes in." Dr. Wu Ting Fang said to an American woman, "Why

don't you send Western Christian women first to live among our women and show them the danger lurking in the great new freedom that is coming to them?"

Similarly a young woman now connected with the Chinese legation in Washington has pointed out grave dangers in the path of her progressive countrywomen and emphasized their need of Christ now in their changing world.

The present condition of Oriental women is caused in large measure by the false teaching of their religion regarding the position of women. Their true status will be fully secured not by mere changes in social customs and organization, but by a regenerating, living faith in Jesus Christ. Whatever we do to assist these women along physical, social, educational, and industrial lines, we must not fail to give them a clear understanding of their deepest need. The outlook for them depends largely on our own convictions and the emphasis which we place on the full gospel of Jesus Christ. Friendliness expressed in education and social service alone will not suffice, for it is Christ and his gospel that are the inspiration of all that is best in the social life of the world.

The situation is a challenge to Christian women throughout the world. The spiritual redemption of the women of the East cannot be accomplished without the extension of the sacrifice of Christ through his disciples. Women of the highest Christian experience and character must go to live the life of Christ with these women of the East and train them for the highest service. How shall they be secured? There is one way, an old way, little used. We plead, we write, we advertise, we organize, we campaign. But the key to the treasure-house of Christian life comes from our Master who says to us, as he said to his helpless disciples long ago, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest."—*From the Missionary Outlook in the Light of the War.*

A Learner and What He Taught

*THE STORY OF THE CONVERSION, EDUCATION,
AND CHRISTIAN SERVICE OF AN AFRICAN BOY*

BY DR. CATHERINE L. MABIE

DURING commencement week at Kimpese Evangelical Training Institution, seventeen of the alumni returned and were entertained by the student body. One of the most interesting meetings of the week was that at which these former students in a five-minute talk gave us glimpses of their experiences since leaving the school. Some of them made us feel that the time, money, and strength spent upon their training had been well invested.

Of these, Nkunku was one of the most enthusiastic. The last evening, after the senior alumni banquet was over, he came to my study for a medical certificate permitting him to travel by rail to Thysville. We began to talk of the things of the Lord as they had related themselves to his life and experience. Thinking that his story may interest you as much as it did me I am sending it to you.

"For some time Christian natives and sometimes a white missionary had been visiting my town telling us of the things of God. I was only a boy and did not listen much to what they said. There was one man in our town who had become a Christian. Then a Christian boy came and sat down as a teacher. I did not listen to his words, but a song which he taught us one day stirred my heart with its question:

"Where will you spend Eternity?
This question comes to you and me.
Tell me what shall your answer be?
Where will you spend Eternity?"

"All night I could not sleep, but kept wondering where I would go when I died and what would happen to me when I got there. As soon as it was light I awoke the teacher and asked him the meaning of the song. Then he taught me and showed me the way.

"From that hour I became a learner. I learned also to read and write and at the end of one year was baptized. In those days I went everywhere singing 'Christian, walk carefully.' The same week in which I was baptized I became a teacher, for the boy who had been teaching in our town went away. There were then only two Christian men in the town.

"I taught there six years, and thirty people were baptized and there were many learners. I then wished to rest and go about and trade, but the missionary soon sent for me and asked me to take care of a district in which there were ten towns with only four Christians. The disputes and quarrels in these towns were many. Fetish rites and many evil customs were followed with vigor. Not one week passed in which I was not asked to go to one town or another and help settle disputes. God gave me wisdom in this matter and I wondered at the way they listened to me. The children were gathered into schools and soon the people began to stop quarreling and listened

with hearing ears to the word of God. When I had been there two years many wished to be baptized.

"From that work I was sent to another town, where I stayed for a few months only, but the people heard the news with gladness and three were baptized. About this time the missionary sent for me and told me he thought I should go to Kimpese for training, and since I had never been in any but the town school he said I should come to the mission station for a few month's teaching before going to Kimpese.

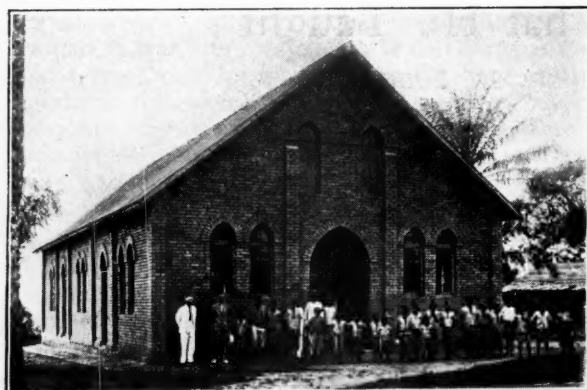
"All my people were opposed to my going to school. They said it was now time for me to trade, make money, and settle down to a man's ways. When I showed them my determination they refused to speak to me or to help me in any way at all. My own mother would not so much as give me a peanut for food on the journey. We had a young infant, so young that it could be carried in a cloth in my arms all the way. None of my family would accompany us to help with the carrying. And so I left them with much sorrow and came to Kimpese.

"After I finished my first year at Kimpese I returned to my town. There was a very small, poor tumbled-down house of God. At once we began making brick to build a new one. When the bricks were ready there were no boards for doors and windows and no man in our town knew how to saw boards. To buy all that would be needed would cost much money. All one night I thought and thought and thought. I had watched the sawing of boards by the students at Kimpese and had used a saw once or twice.

"I remembered that Mr. Moon had said a board one inch thick was useful for many things. In the morning I spoke to several men in the church, saying, 'Let us go to the mission station and borrow a saw to saw boards for the house of God.' So we went. The missionary could not lend us a saw, but he said he would sell us one for ten francs and allow us to pay for it with boards. My joy was great as we returned with the saw.

"The next few weeks I lived in the woods. We chopped down a great tree and cut it into three sections. Then I tried and tried sawing until I could saw. At the end of two weeks I had boards enough for our needs. Some men who had learned to saw came and looked at my boards and asked how one who had never been taught could saw such beautiful boards. I told them I had been taught a little at Kimpese and that God had helped me in fashioning these fine boards for his house. And so we finished the house.

"We bought three pigs and some goats, much food was given, and we made a great feast of dedication. More than three hundred came. I was asked to tell how we had made the bricks and sawed the wood and built a suitable house in which to worship God



THE NEW CHURCH AT SONA BATA, CONGO

and teach our children to read and write. All the members of my family were present and before all the people I pointed out to them that only good had come from my going to Kimpese. They were without reply.

"When I returned from my second year's teaching I brought paint which I had bought from the white man and we painted all the woodwork of the house. The people asked me what gift I would have for my work on the church. I said that was for them to decide. They asked if sixty francs would be enough. I replied that I did not wish to receive money, but since no other man among us sawed boards I would like to keep the saw if they would pay for it. This they gladly agreed to do.

"When I had finished at Kimpese I was asked by the mission to teach in the large town of a medal chief. The people in that chief's district were very quarrelsome. A teacher who had become discouraged and left said to me, 'And you wish to go to that town? They will not hear you.'

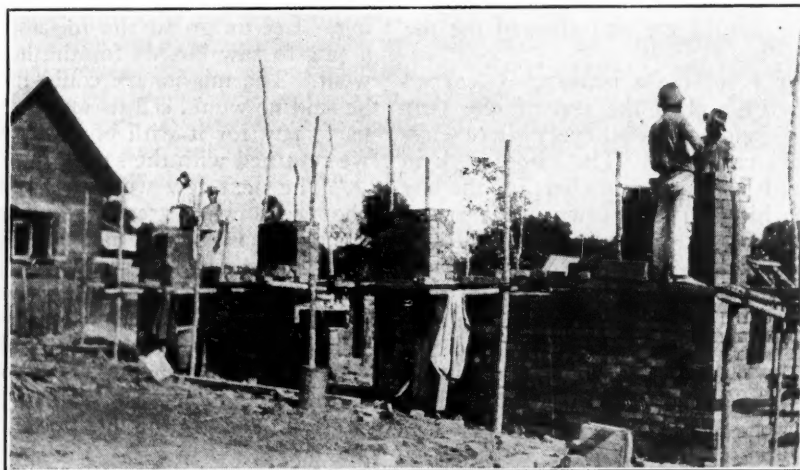
"I said I would be willing to try. So I went, arriving on a Sunday morning. Several people met me with a friendly greeting and soon I said, 'It is God's day. Let us go to his house and pray.' About fifteen went with me.

"They had begun to build a brick chapel, but quarreling had stopped work on it. Monday morning I put my hands to the building and by and by others joined me and we finished the building. With my saw I went to the forest and cut boards for the doors and windows and tables and soon all were helping and had ceased quarreling. We were all happy in building the house of prayer.

"The chief received me kindly. His people would not listen to him. Their whole time was spent in quarreling. They were very suspicious and jealous, but I was able to help him settle many disputes satisfactorily, and now he always sends for me even if I am away at the gardens, to come and advise him when he sits judging a case. I have often been able to persuade him to soften his judgment which was too heavy to be borne by the people. We are the best of friends. No, he is not a Christian, but he is a very good friend of the Christians. He has five wives and does not wish to send any of them away. The town has many children who are all in school, many of them standing for Jesus.

"Today a crowd of us were talking down in the carpenter shop and some said to me, 'You could earn much more money at Kinshasa as a builder than teaching.' I said I knew I could. But I have enough to eat and wear. I have a good Christian wife who cares for the children which my first wife bore me, the one who was with me at Kimpese and died soon after I left there. The chief wants me to stay where I am. Money brings jealousy and other troubles if one has much. Why should I change 'works'? I am happy and contented where I am."

This is African Christianity.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE AFRICAN NATIVE ABILITY AND DEVOTION IN BUILDING
A HOUSE FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD

The Conference and Retreat at Winona Lake

THE Workers' Conference and Retreat at Winona Lake, September 7-9, called by the General Board of Promotion, proved to those present an admirable preparation for the hard work of the vitally important months that lie ahead. The members of the Administrative Committee, which met the day preceding, remained through the Conference, which was thus composed of the officers of the societies and boards, with the State directors and superintendents and other workers. The body numbered about 130. While a program had been outlined as a guide, the Conference was left free to decide what its character and subjects for consideration should be. It was a real conference, with a large part of the time given to devotional services, so that the idea of a retreat was carried out, and the spiritual influence was cumulative and impressive. The feeling manifest from the first to the close was that in the continuance of this campaign nothing but dependence upon the presence and power of God and endowment with that power can ensure the victory. Moved by this spirit of faith and assurance, no note of pessimism was sounded. As Dr. Aitchison, the General Director, expressed it, "We are to receive a new vision here. Unless somehow we can all let go and wait on Him we shall not accomplish what we hope to accomplish here. Here may we receive a new experience of trust and confidence that shall cast out all fear. Through the quiet of this retreat and communion with him in prayer our hearts should be open to receive God's plans. Then we shall go forward to certain victory."

Many questions on varied phases of the work to be done to complete the Hundred Million Dollar objective were presented in writing by the members of the Conference, and these were taken up and freely discussed. An outline of a tentative plan of campaign was given by Dr. Aitchison, and various committees were appointed to consider and report upon it. The outline was in the nature of suggestions, and covered our problem nationally and by States; the difficulties, such as general world unrest, confusion among our own people, the general financial fear, our relation to the Interchurch, and the comparative failure of financial campaigns since the war, including the Y. W. C. A. campaign in New York, the Salvation Army drive, and the Harvard, Princeton, Bryn Mawr, and other college campaigns; then the solution, pointing to the successful termination of the Men and Millions Movement, the Methodist Centenary Movement, and the \$75,000,000 campaign of the Southern Baptists, showing what can be done, not forgetting the large measure of success already achieved by us in the campaign of last April-May. Elements essential to our success were named, as spiritual emphasis, the challenge to faith, prevailing prayer, survey facts, co-operative spirit, and adequate methods. It was suggested that this year there should be no concentration upon a week's drive, but a steady, persistent campaign to end only when the \$100,000,000 goal is reached. Of course this would not prevent churches which desired to complete their quotas in November from doing so, but it means that there will be no special

week designated. The only special designation made by the Conference was that of November as Baptist periodical month, in which thorough effort should be made to greatly increase the subscription lists of our weekly papers and *MISSIONS*. Another phase of the plan is to organize and work through the Associations, aiming to reach through the Association Promotion Committee to the last local church. The reports showed that large areas of wholly unreached churches exist, with plenty of churches also with partially raised quotas calling for further action. It is suggested that during the winter four Sundays be given to the completion of the fund, the pastor presenting the spiritual appeal on the first; forward steps of our denomination on the second; stewardship on the third, with call to tithing and accepting responsibilities as stewards on the third; and on the fourth exploitation of the financial campaign, showing the new standards of giving actually reached by hundreds of our churches. Special conferences of pastors and laymen are also included in the plans. Churches which have raised their quotas will be asked to help by utilizing workers in the evangelistic campaign, keeping up the stream of missionary information, canvassing non-givers and furnishing chance to new members to have their share in the campaign, and aiming at 100 per cent payment of pledges at the end of each quarter. Appropriate literature will be provided by the General Board, also stereopticon lectures, charts, and missionary exhibits.

The suggestions were approved in the main by the conference, and there was unanimous agreement that the spiritual emphasis should have first place.

The most stirring session was that of Tuesday evening, when the cause of suffering Europe and of suffering Baptists especially was presented by Secretary Franklin and Secretary Brooks, who have just returned from their investigations in central Europe and from the significant conference of the Baptists in London. They made an appeal that touched all hearts, and led to a scene long to be remembered, which we shall picture for our readers in the next issue. It was decided to make immediate appeal to our people, since the need is immediate, and only quick action can save many of our Baptist brethren and sisters from the direst distress and even death. On the editorial pages we shall give an abstract of the addresses that ought to bring a half million dollars speedily, as the first general movement toward raising the balance of the Hundred Million Dollars.

There is no question that the three days spent at Winona Lake were highly profitable, and that they will exert an influence upon the months ahead. In her address on "The Unfinished Task," Mrs. MacLeish said, "It is a great big thing that has got to be done, *but we can and must do it*. The salvation of our own souls depends upon it. To do it we must have absolute unity among us. We must bring everybody in our denomination into it. We have only reached those that could be reached most easily; we must devise new methods to reach the others. I am glad that we are going out with a stronger missionary motive."

“Yea, the Weak Things Hath God Chosen”

BY HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY

THE QUESTION “WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?” IS STILL ASKED BY MANY WHO ARE PUZZLED BY WORLD EVENTS. HERE IS ONE OF THE IRREFUTABLE LIVING ANSWERS THAT NO SKEPTICISM CAN GAINSAY

NOT so long ago there was a blind girl named Un Ho, who lived in Canton, China. Because she was blind there was only one career open to her, and that a life of shame. She became what is called “a sing-song girl,” paid to sing lewd songs in a brothel. Her parents must not be too heavily condemned. They were sodden in poverty. The blind girl was of no use to them. It was impossible to get her a husband. So they sold her to a dealer in blind girls, and she sat with other girls and sang in a tea-house in a brothel.

Her foot became terribly diseased on account of unskilful foot-binding, so her owner brought her to a Christian hospital in Canton for treatment. No more hopeless and seemingly impossible instrument for bringing about social betterment, transforming other lives, witnessing to the beauty and glory of life could be found than Un Ho, yet this and more is what God did through her.

At first she was surly, apathetic, benumbed in soul as well as diseased in body. She seemed at first hardly to hear the gospel as it was told day after day in song and story. Finally her foot had to be amputated, and then her owner refused to take her away from the hospital since she was of no further use. Little by little the girl's frozen soul thawed out under the warm friendly care. She began to respond to love and to show pleasure in cleanliness. Her dormant mind awoke. She turned to the Saviour and developed the keenest interest in Bible study, so that in three years she committed nearly the entire New Testament to memory. Meanwhile she became literally a new creation in Christ Jesus.

Then a new tragedy came into her shadowed life. Un Ho developed unmistakable signs of leprosy, and her good friends in the hospital were compelled to remove her to a near-by leper village. Blind, crippled, a leper, the girl went forth with firm trust unshaken in Him in whom she had believed. The missionaries who had not had her experience of deliverance out of the depths found it harder to hold to their faith in a fatherly God as they left her in her living tomb to await the end.

At the end of a year Un Ho sent for a missionary to come and baptize forty lepers whom she had led to Christ. He had put her in that dark spot, she felt, that through her his love might shine into shadowed lives. A near-by village heard of the triumphant life and testimony of this blind, crippled leper girl and sent for Christian teachers to tell them more of the wonderful Saviour. Before Un Ho died there were seventy believers baptized in this village. The Leper Association has built a memorial chapel for Un Ho, who was the means of revealing Christ to hundreds who knew him not.

Her true memorial is in her testimony to the power of Christ to transform life at the hardest and basest until it glows with his own radiant beauty.

The truth does not need our defending, it needs our appropriation and transmission through lives lived in the power of the risen Lord. One such life is an irrefutable demonstration of the claims of Christ.



A Prayer for the Missionaries

Divine Father, who hast made of one blood all the nations of mankind, and who desirest above all things that men of all races and colors and cultures should know that they are thy children, our hearts kindle with longing for the day when all shall know thee, from the least to the greatest. We rejoice that we have been called by thee into the holy comradeship of the gospel. Thou hast shared with us the sublime adventure of winning all men to thyself. We would take up afresh the holy cause, with new vigor and intelligence, and work unresting until the knowledge of God's love covers the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Our hearts rebuke us when we of softer habits and more hesitant feet touch the lives of those hardy and adventurous spirits who have left behind them our material comforts that they might penetrate remote frontiers and open up new paths of hope and freedom for those who have not yet heard of thee. In fellowship with the missionaries of Christ's cross we would share vicariously their devotion by giving them the generous support of our resources, a sense of our sympathetic understanding of the great choice they have made and by continually bearing them up to thee in our prayers.

We recount now the names of the missionaries whose lives have touched our own, and we ask thee to draw near to them in gracious blessing. What pivotal lives they lead! How vast are the interests of mankind that turn upon their fidelity, their wisdom, and their strength! Make up to them, we beseech thee, in thy loving providence, the satisfactions of the lesser life which they have renounced for thee. Keep their families from illness and depression of spirit, and show them such tokens of thy favor upon the work of their hands that they may go forward with strong hearts to the triumphant goal of their endeavor.

Lord bless thy church in all the earth—here in these Christian lands where thy name has long been spoken, and afar in those new lands where little groups of brave souls have been led out of darkness by the Christly service of Christ's missionaries. Amen.—“Christian Century.”

A Poet's Tribute to "Missions"

I am the voice of the newly-clad serene mountain.

I am the voice of the pure stream which gushing and sparkling among the white shadowing rocks flows gently and sweetly beneath the o'erhanging green shining ferns.

I am the soul of whispering meadows over which are wafted the soft breeze of the valley.

I am the spirit of the sweet green valley watered by a murmuring little river just formed and gilded by the sun.

I am the breath of the deep forest on whose depths the solitary flowers open as the smile and comfort of the shadow.

I am the serene contemplation of the life devoid of all low desire and passion.

Far above on the lofty mountain's serene light I contemplate ecstatic and reverent the oasis (Missions) in the desert.

I am light and the word of peace.

—Ariel Bellondi.

(This delicate and unusual poem, breathing the spirit of the true poet who has communed with nature and nature's God, comes from a very highly esteemed friend, Rev. Ariel Bellondi, pastor of our Italian work in Lawrence and Haverhill, Mass. He is a firm friend of missions and MISSIONS.—ED.)



Language an Index to Morals

LANGUAGE as an index to morals is an interesting study. If a people have no word to express certain moral ideas they probably have not the ideas. Mr. F. D. Phinney, who is in charge of our fine Baptist Mission Press at Rangoon, furnishes an illustration of this fact concerning language and morals. It seems that in 1912 he, in collaboration with Dr. John McGuire, also of Burma, issued a little book called "Buddha, Buddhism, and Burma," which gave a concise but clear account of the teaching of Buddha and of Buddhism as it is in Burma. The book attracted the attention of many Buddhists and was much resented by the priests. One outcome is thus described by Mr. Phinney:

"This book brought to me a Burman Buddhist who wanted to know more of some of the things we wrote about. He speaks English fairly well, was formerly in government employ, but now is proprietor and editor of a bi-weekly paper. He came to tell me that those who wanted to prosecute me for slandering Gotama were prosecuting the trustees of the Pagoda into whose hands they had placed their funds for that purpose, because these trustees would neither prosecute me nor give back the money. He told me of other organizations of Burmans at loggerheads and in the courts for malfeasance in office and the misuse of public funds. He wanted to know why it was that even the kind of white man whom we missionaries called a bad man, drinking, gambling,

and all that, was trusted and could be trusted to carry on an institution with the money of others, and no Burman had as yet made a success of a large incorporated company. He named other companies which were on the rocks. He said that formerly they said it was because of lack of education, but now they had full barristers-at-law in charge, and yet they went to pieces or into litigation for criminal misuse of money. He wanted to know why it was that no Burman could be trusted in that way, while even a bad Englishman might be. I told him that there was ingrained in the white man the idea of moral responsibility, that it was not respectable to be morally irresponsible. I told him of our moral accountability doctrine to Jehovah God, which is the ground work of all morals. I told him that the Burman was lacking in moral backbone, moral fiber, etc., because of the religious tenets of many generations past.

"He went away after two or three such conversations, and then came back saying that he intended to write an article in his paper on the subject of moral backbone, and wanted me to tell him how to translate that expression into Burmese. That stumped me, and I said I would tell him in a day or so. I went to work to find out the best expressions for 'morals,' 'moral accountability,' 'moral backbone,' and ran across the fact that it is almost impossible to say these things in Burmese. You will see that a people who have no word which will translate our word 'morals,' or 'moral character,' cannot have the thing for which they have no name. It is true that for generations the Burmans have been brought up without this idea, and it will take a few generations to get a moral backbone developed. The simple adoption of Christianity is not enough to develop it at once. It is a plant of slower growth than that. But the time is coming."



WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES

International Relations

Palestine	gave Paul	to	Greece and Rome
England	" Carey	"	India
Scotland	" Moffatt	"	Africa
England	" Morrison	"	China
Scotland	" Livingstone	"	Africa
America	" Judson	"	Burma
Scotland	" Paton	"	New Hebrides
Telugu Land	" Rungiah	"	South Africa
"	" Jacob	"	South Africa
America	" Scudders	"	India
Denmark	" Iverson	"	Arabia
America	" Dr. Mabie	"	Africa
England	" Grenfell	"	Labrador
Ireland	" Bailie	"	China
America	" Bickel	"	Japan
Wales	" Higginbottom	"	India
America	" Tucker	"	South America

OUR SUPERB FIRST CHAPTER IN INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD

Larger Emphasis in Evangelism

THE paramount interest in our missionary work has been and should continue to be evangelism.

We make new worlds only by making new men. Evangelism therefore should always stand in the forefront of all our missionary efforts. Especially have our South India and Burma missions realized this important fact and each has released one of its members, Rev. Wheeler Boggess, in South India, and W. F. Thomas, D. D., in Burma, to devote his entire time to evangelistic work. There were more baptisms in our Burman work during the past year than at any time in the past twenty years and in the Karen work for the past sixteen years. Nearly three thousand Karens were baptized last year. Reports from many sections of our mission fields speak of the pronounced readiness with which non-Christian people listen to the gospel, and there are strong indications that the time is rapidly approaching when there will be a great many ingatherings from these fields such as the world has never known. In many places the people seem to be on the verge of becoming Christians although they have not quite come to the point of breaking away from old superstitions and customs.

There is a spirit of freedom and independence abroad among the people. A sense of self-respect and worthfulness on the part of the individual far beyond anything manifested a decade or two ago. The people as a whole are more receptive of new ideas and more inclined to welcome changes. Caste seems to be slowly breaking through, but it is far from dead.

Three years ago a group of missionaries touring a number of Hindu villages in South India were met by crowds of men, women, and children who jeered and scoffed at them as they walked through the streets. The children of these villages are today studying in our mission schools and a Hindu priest in one has invited our missionaries to speak at the bazaars. On a recent tour one of our Baptist missionaries came across a Hindu schoolmaster who had introduced the Bible in his school as a desirable book on morals. The college church, an institution embracing students from Judson College, Rangoon High School, European High School, and the Normal School, besides its regular Sunday and mid-week services, maintains a Sunday school of three hundred members and conducts five city Sunday schools. Medals and diplomas are awarded for excellence in Bible study. The college supports a missionary now working among the Inthas near Taunggyi. From Impur, Assam, Mr. Bailey writes:

With the exception of four of the fifty-five villages, I have visited every village in the Ao tribe and several in the Miri tribe. I have preached in every village visited and the evangelistic work has shown good results. This year has been attended with an extra number of conversions and baptisms. I myself baptized 487 converts, and baptisms by other workers make a total of 744. There is a general interest among the Christians that

points to active missionary work later. The Ao Association had the largest attendance last year ever registered and the whole spiritual attitude of the meeting was a great tribute to Him who said, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Mr. Marsh writes from Karkapur:

In twenty of the twenty-six villages visited, there were 638 baptisms, and these were in the most backward part of the field. On another evangelistic tour of about three weeks, there were 431 baptisms, making a total of 1,069 for the two hours.

The same spirit of enthusiasm which has made possible the New World Movement among the Baptist churches in this country is being felt throughout our mission fields. The churches of our great Sgaw Karen Mission, Burma, have undertaken to raise 300,000 rupees for a new school building. Within less than a year they have raised 110,000 rupees in cash and have secured an additional 100,000 rupees in reliable pledges. At a recent association meeting the churches heartily endorsed the following resolution:

That every church-member will contribute not less than ten rupees, and as much more as he or she is able; that each church will raise a total of not less than an average of twenty rupees per member; that the entire membership of the association unitedly pledges itself to not consider its work done until the building and its entire equipment are fully paid for.

The membership of 15,000 means a giving per capita of twenty rupees in order to erect this new building. The project, which the lieutenant-governor in a recent address characterized as an "ambitious one," has already proved a means of drawing these people together much more unitedly in their love to God and to one another than anything which this mission has yet undertaken. Since beginning to collect the money the people have suffered greatly from sickness and death and have lost most of their cattle from one of the worst scourges of rinderpest ever known to this country, yet they have not lost their courage and faith.—*From the Foreign Society's Report.*



The Same Emphasis in America

The reader of the Home Mission Society's Report will find that Dr. Stilwell, head of its Department of Evangelism, lays the same stress upon this work as the essential in our home field. This is undoubtedly a response to the need and the desire as well of our churches generally. The war has left us with a hunger after reality in our religion, if it has not deadened us. In either case, a revival of pure religion is the universal need. For this let us pray in faith believing. Prayer is the lever that can lift the churches into power and create the atmosphere in which evangelism can achieve.

A Voice from Bengal-Orissa Field

"He that hath an ear, let him hear"

BY REV. HEM NATH SARKAR, OF CONTAI, INDIA

DEAR FRIENDS IN AMERICA:

The great problem of "Native Leadership and Responsibility" which was once taken up for solution in the missionary conference is at last solved to the satisfaction of the Indians in the Bengal-Orissa field in the establishment of the Evangelistic Board, in which deserved and tried Indians are invested with authority to voice forth their prayers 12,000 miles across the oceans. "Cooperation with the Indians in the matter of field administration is vitally important. Certainly it will spur the churches to attain greater self-support, it will train the leaders to the higher sense of duty, responsibility, and sacrifice in the cause of Christ." A day will dawn ere long when the Indians will be able to carry on their shoulders the whole burden of administration, and to bear easily and cheerfully all the financial responsibility.

What we are now, dear friends, is the sheer product of your purse, we must candidly and gratefully admit, and the fruit of your much prayer. We are your children, no longer babes, but almost grown-up men. The noble examples of the missionaries you have sent into our midst, the instructions—secular, moral, and spiritual—we have received at their feet has made us *men*, though we have not yet come up to the mark, but are not far below the mark.

The cry of the Indians at this present hour is education. The Orientals, like the Occidentals, are keenly alive to the advantages of education, and are trying their very best to have schools and colleges in all the important cities. In Bengal alone we have already two universities; one for Eastern and the other for Western Bengal. University bills have been passed to put education on a higher and better footing. University commissions were being held all over India to make education of sterling value. Our good government never grudges to sanction heavy grants-in-aid for this education of its subjects.

Our people have fully realized that education, both secular and religious, is the avenue of national progress, that it is the only fulcrum that can raise our society from moral depravity, that it is the only foundation upon which rests the solid self-supporting church. We are indeed thankful, and ever shall be grateful to the Board of Managers for raising our Girls' School at Balasore to M. E. School, and we are much more under obligation deep and great for contributing a heavy sum for opening and establishing a high school for the girls at Midnapore. We look upon you as our parents, and it is the duty of the parents to educate their children when young. Loving parents never calculate the cost nor the loss.

Oh, happy days to the santals of Bhimpore—the red Indians of India! They are always backed by our government as they are backward in education and civilization. The British Government is not

backward at all in spending large sums for their education in order to raise them to the status of the other tribes of India. Dear friends, you have already given them a big hospital for indoor and outdoor patients, a Ford car to haul up in no time their necessities of life from Midnapore town, a big boarding-school for the girls and one for the boys, and now to crown all, you are generously giving them a high school for their young men and women. A day may dawn when they shall have a college!

You run no risk, dear well-wisher, if you invest your money in education. You shall be amazed, delighted, and perfectly satisfied with its results in no distant future.

The advent of Dr. Robbins in the Bengal-Orissa field has already brought in incalculable benefits, and has laid the foundation-stone of a self-supporting church.

(Dr. George H. Hamlen, now of Lewiston, Associate Corresponding Secretary of the United Baptist Convention of Maine, formerly a missionary in the Bengal-Orissa field, in sending the article given above, says he was associated with Mr. Sarkar for several years, and they became warm friends. Mr. Sarkar is a Bengali, and has been and still is of much value in the work. The fine character and devoutness of spirit of the Indian pastor and teacher are clearly shown in his writing; also the fact that he knows the Bible. He represents the thoughtful and meditative religious type of Oriental from whom the Occidental has something of exceeding value to learn. We are glad to place him among our correspondents.—Ed.)

Hints for the Blackboard

MORE "M's"

<i>More Members</i>	}	MEAN MY MASTER MAGNIFIED
<i>More Mediators</i>		
<i>More Missionaries</i>		
<i>More Messengers</i>		
<i>More Magazines</i>		
<i>More Money</i>		
<i>More Medical Missions</i>		

MORE "P's"

<i>More Persistence</i>	}	MEAN PERISHING PEOPLE PERSUADED
<i>More Practice</i>		
<i>More Penitence</i>		
<i>More Purity</i>		
<i>More Patience</i>		
<i>More Push</i>		
<i>More Prayer</i>		

Other alphabetical appeals could easily be worked out. Send them in.

An American Girl in Naga Land

BY ETHEL STEVENSON, OF IMPUR

IMPUR is a most delightful place in which to live. We are 4,000 feet high, fifty miles away from a railroad, nine miles away from the post-office, and just ten miles across the border is the land of the head-hunters. Would you think it a delightful place? The folks across the border do not bother us, the coolies bring our stores up for us, and we get our mail every day. The hills around us are lovely. Everything around is built on hills, and if there is a level spot, man has made it. I shall be quite able to climb the Rockies with ease, when I again have the pleasure. Our climate is the ordinary hill climate; we have rain six months in the year, and dry season the rest of the time, with the exception of occasional showers. In the dry season things are free from mold, and that is quite a relief to us. As was said at the Board Meeting, my clothes come home from the dhobe with rust spots, and I have learned to "just smile."

TOURING AMONG THE PRIMITIVES

I would like to tell you of a trip that Dr. Bailey's family and I took during the month of October. We went about ninety miles round trip, passed through ten Ao villages (Ao is pronounced just as you would "ow" if you hurt yourself), and held meetings in each one, Dr. Bailey or his evangelist preaching; and the doctor baptized over 200 people, and of course treated many more for physical ailments. We were gone fifteen days, and stopped each night in the rest-house that each place afforded. I saw many new, strange sights, and my "Ohs" and "Ahs" and "What's that," would have seemed quite natural, even to Helen Hunt. We passed through one village where the people told us they had never seen a white woman before, and in another village where we were the second lady visitors, so it was quite interesting. At one village in particular, I shall never forget our experience. We had Dr. Bailey's phonograph along, and the people were much pleased, but at this village the people had never before seen one and there was one real old man, perhaps between eighty and ninety years old, who tried to see where the voice came from and his gesticulations were amusing. We took his picture while he was thus engaged. The people in this same village wear little clothing; the women wear a so-called skirt of perhaps a yard long and six inches wide, and a blanket, and some of the men wear a string around the waist, nothing more. Part of the path was unsafe so we could not ride our ponies, and had to be carried in chairs. Had my mother seen me, she would have thought I had reached the land of uncivilization, truly. But I love it all. The people need so much and I am asking God to bless what he allows me to do.

A NAGA ASSOCIATION

Another interesting experience was attending the "Mungdang" or Ao Naga Association. There were

over 2,000 Aos there; all the services were conducted in Ao, and I understood most of it. The Association was at a village called Janki, about twenty miles from here, lasting three days. And to the astonishment of myself and all the others, I made a speech in Naga. Mr. Longwell, just to tease, told them that I was to make a speech, and if I did not do it well, I would have to go back to America, but if it was done well, I would be allowed to stay. After the speech, the secretary and chairman, both Ao pastors, said that I might stay, and when the report was given, the secretary said, "*Miss Stevenson Ao o kanga dang junger liasu*"—meaning that my speech was very good, so God blessed the effort I made. While at Janki we stayed in the ordinary Naga houses which are made of bamboo with thatch roofs; they have no windows, but a door at each end, and in front of the house is a little room where the pigs and chickens are kept, and at the back is a veranda-like structure. There is a fireplace in the middle of the room, and as the smoke has no outlet except the doors and cracks, the inside of the house gets black and dirty very quickly. I am glad I do not have to live in a Naga house all the time.

I am very happy here; I like the Impur missionaries very much and enjoy the Bailey children and Gaylord Dowds. During the first part of the year I lived with the Dowds, but now I am at the Longwells and shall remain here, God willing, as this is the part of the compound on which the girl's work is to be started. We are all looking eagerly for Miss Stever.

The March of the Missionaries

An endless line of splendor,
These troops with heaven for home!
With creeds they go from Scotland.
With incense go from Rome.
These in the name of Jesus,
Against the dark goods stand:
They gird the earth with valor,
They heed the King's command.

Onward the line advances,
Shaking the hills with power;
Swaying the hidden demons,
The lions that devour.
No bloodshed in the wrestling,
But souls, new born, arise;
The nations growing kinder,
The child heart growing wise.

What is the final ending?
The issue, can we know?
Will Christ outlive Mohammed?
Will Kali's altars go?
This is our faith tremendous.
Our wild hope who shall scorn?
That in the name of Jesus
The world shall be reborn.

—Vachell Lindsay.

The Alumni of America¹

BY COE HAYNE

THE biggest exodus of foreign labor ever known in South Jersey industrial districts took place when 800 aliens, mostly Rumanians, left the Roebling wire mills and Florence iron works for their old homes in Europe. It was asserted that most of them had saved enough in the five or six years they had been in this country to keep themselves and their families without further work in their homeland.

At once a score of questions arise. These 800 workmen may be viewed simply as so many treasure-seekers who have returned to their native land with fortunes of varying amounts in terms of dollars and cents. (It is reported that their fortunes ranged from \$2,000 to \$6,000.) But to others this exodus may suggest many things of tremendous significance.

Here are 800 graduates from the University of America. What treasures other than gold have these children of the exodus taken back with them? Having reached their native land, what shall be their unanimous verdict concerning this great school? Are they better men now than when they entered our country? No one can deny that they are missionaries of one sort or another. Some will proclaim the gospel of Christ as they may have received it in America; some the gospel of greed and hate as it may have been taught them here. How many became Christians since they came to America? How many of them will long to come back to America, bringing others with them?

GRADUATES WHO GO EVERYWHERE

In this vast university are students from every corner of the globe and many of them, having taken its undergraduate and graduate courses, have returned to the distant lands from which they came. And because many of them do leave never to return, are we to consider their schooling here a vain undertaking? Certainly it is a great thing for a university to send out its graduates. Every great university is cosmopolitan. Students from all lands are admitted. Presumably, after graduation, the majority of them return to their native countries. At Columbia, in 1918, there were students representing fifty-four countries not including the insular and non-contiguous territories of the United States; at Chicago there were thirty-one, at Yale, twenty-one.

The question may arise as to the propriety of spending home mission funds in behalf of aliens who never give up hope of returning to their native land. Our answer to the inquiry is the same: *It is a great thing for a university to send out its graduates.* We recall that it was through the instrumentality of one Italian who left America that a Baptist church was organized in Italy. He came to us from afar for his Christian training and left us—an alumnus worth

while. Can you estimate the value of the dollars you put into a Christian program that made possible the conversion and graduation of an alien of this character?

Have we been worthy tutors, guiding the newcomers in the selection of the best courses this great university has to offer? Have we assisted them in choosing their comrades and societies? For we are all members of this school and our contributions are either positive or negative, making for progress or retrogression in the life of its members.

This university is none other than the great American Society of fellow citizens, each trying to help the other to a little knowledge, to a little sense of comradeship, to a little comfort. A concrete example of such a society of fellow citizens was the A. E. F. University in France—a group unique and unparalleled as to spirit and personnel. The Student Register of this university is almost a League of Nations; the names on this roster represented almost every country under the sun, yet all attending this school were United States soldier-boy students wearing Uncle Sam's uniform.

With inadequate classrooms, inadequate laboratories, and inadequate text-books, this was a successful school and accomplished the purposes for which it was organized. It is the spirit of a school which makes it a real school. The teaching of the A. E. F. University in France was done by fellow citizens—officers and men who were simply comrades in arms.

THE UNDERLYING PRINCIPLES

In addressing the A. E. F. University, Professor John Erskine, chairman of the Army Educational Commission, gave an adequate exposition of the principle that should underlie every religious program for aliens. He said: "We think of teaching too exclusively as a special profession. Yet if the business of education is to help a man to live, if the best education is alternate study and experience, then surely teaching should be a normal function for any generous man or woman. As a matter of fact, the world of education, far from being an unselfish world, as we sometimes permit ourselves to think, is really the very citadel of selfishness. A few teachers indeed devote their lives to spreading knowledge, but society as a whole studies only for its own purposes, and the individual man and woman feel no responsibility to pass on to their fellows their share of light, as precious and for the giver as simple as the cup of cold water. We content ourselves that the public schools or the paid teacher at the university can attend to education for us; we need not worry about it."

"There once were men and women, in days long gone by, who thought the ordinary charity of life should be the affair of specialists—of the monk, the priest, the hermit. We now understand better the obligation upon us all to provide clothing and shelter for our fellows in need. The most selfish man now

¹ The groundwork for this presentation of a phase of the Americanization question was laid during many interesting strolls with Dr. Charles L. White in the foreign-speaking sections of down-town New York.

loses a little sleep, even in a comfortable bed, if he knows a beggar is couched on the cold pavement in front of his house. But this is the only kind of charity we are as yet deeply interested in, and this is but physical charity. We are not yet quick to share the intellectual bread and drink and warmth which may have come to us by good fortune. The beggar and the starving man trouble us; we are even worried over the poor who do not realize how poor they are; we would teach them to take their part in society. But we are not greatly troubled by ignorance in a man, though his ignorance may bring himself and his family to many kinds of disaster, though his ignorance may poison us with disease, or with what is as dangerous, with prejudice and the beginnings of hate. We are little disturbed when such a man is conscious of his ignorance and would be glad to learn; still less does it cost us worry if he is quite content not to know.

"If in this university we can adopt an unselfish attitude toward those fellow citizens who wish to be taught the knowledge in which we are richer than they, perhaps we may take home with us a new ideal of intellectual service."

We are being reminded repeatedly by our educators as well as by our statesmen that the winning of the war did not end the struggle for a safe and enlightened democracy in America. We have simply passed through the first stages of that struggle. The strife is bound to continue, and whether it is carried on with bloodshed or takes less terrifying forms will depend upon the readiness and adequacy with which we attack our home problems. How useful we can become in our own communities depends on how alert we are to the life about us, and what sort of influence we exert.

THE STORY OF VICTOR SCALISE

At a hotel in North Adams, Mass., some time ago, ten young native Italians gave a reception and banquet in honor of one of their comrades. It may seem strange that reference should be made to this event which under ordinary circumstances possibly would not receive notice in the news columns of the local dailies. But there were several circumstances attending this function which lift it from the ranks of the ordinary to that of the extraordinary events of the day.

Six years ago Victor Scalise came to this country from Italy. He knew not a word of English and nothing of our laws and customs. Between him and Americans there seemed to exist a barrier which he was unable to break down. After eighteen months he could detect little change in his relationship with Americans and American institutions. He worked hard and a large percentage of his earnings went to his loved ones in Italy. He lost all interest in becoming a citizen of the United States. Least of all was he interested in the Christian religion. Nothing in the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church or "in pagan pomp and long lists of Madonnas or stuffed saints," as he expressed it, could satisfy him.

One day a minister of the gospel came to Victor in a little tailor shop and offered to teach him Eng-

lish. For four years he studied the language Americans use. Through the medium of this language he learned what it means to be an American; and what is most significant he learned what it means to be a real follower of the Saviour he had known only in caricatures. He became a member of the local Baptist church and accepted the responsibilities attending this relationship with more than the average loyalty. He taught a class of boys in the Bible school, and before he went into the American army, from which he received an honorable discharge after nine months service, he was president of the brotherhood and of the Christian Endeavor Society. His personal contacts resulted in bringing into the church his brother and three other young Italians. He has begun to study for the ministry and in a few years his messages will be heard in American churches or in churches in his native land.

The banquet referred to above was given in honor of Victor before he left to seek new adventures in the metropolis of his chosen land. All of this is very good to know, but whether or not the registrar of a certain eastern institution or of any Christian school anywhere ever would have recorded the name of Victor Scalise without that little adventure in way-side democracy enjoyed by a New England pastor no man knows.

THE CURRICULUM AND DIPLOMA

Whether immigration decreases or not, should there be any lessening of our enthusiasm for missionary effort as directed by the foreign-speaking departments of the Home Mission Societies? Surely the limit of intensive work for our New Americans never can be reached. The university courses never stop. There are centers of foreign population in America that never have been touched.

What are the courses which this university has to offer? They are as varied as life itself. Every place where our New Americans live and congregate for business and pleasure is a social room of this university. There are courses in philosophy, science, commerce, agriculture, mechanics, sociology, religion, and politics. None can play hooky or avoid the classroom or teachers. On the streets, in the mills, on farms, at forums, lyceums, and clubs—even in prisons—the school is going on incessantly.

No student in this school fails to receive a diploma of some kind. His diploma may be the insignia of success or failure, honor or disgrace. The diploma may be inscribed indelibly upon his face or body or dress or upon the faces of his loved ones or upon the walls and furnishings of his cottage or tenement home. His diploma may be read in court records—a dishonorable one—or it may be read in the books of the firm which employs him or the minutes of whatever society he may belong to. This diploma may be his naturalization papers or a government document ordering his deportation. Which? That may depend on us.

What has he learned of brotherhood? How does he treat women and children? Has he learned here to make any dangerous weapons and acquired here a desire to use them? What has Christianity done

for him? Has he had his faith in God taken away? Does he bear the anarchist's torch or the red flag of the Bolshevik?

SOME EXAMPLES

"I came to this country six years ago," said a young Italian student who found the best that America has to give those who come to her from other lands. "I knew not a word of English and practically nothing of the laws and customs of the people. I was ignorant of the institutions existing here for my benefit. I had not heard of libraries and schools, and as to Protestant churches, I had heard no man even speak of them. The Italians were the only people I could associate with, for between the Americans and me there seemed to exist a fence which I alone could not break down. I wanted to mingle with them, but my inability to speak their language deprived me of many helpful friendships. It is not for us alone to break the fence. Are you representatives of Christ willing to meet the foreigner half-way?"

A certain patriotic young Chicago Bohemian, as soon as the United States became an active participant in the European war, enlisted and desired to be sent into action at once. It was a great disappointment to him to find himself detained in a training camp in Texas. He could not speak the English language, and because he was a foreigner and could not communicate to his mates his innermost longings as a true lover of liberty, he was misunderstood and shunned.

Occasionally he was the object of ridicule in his barracks. They called him "the drosky." Because he accepted in courteous silence every bit of abuse, they told him he was a coward. But one day he picked out the biggest Texan in the lot and gave him a sound thrashing. After that he was treated as a comrade. And this is what he wrote to his parents:

"These Americans—they don't have any consideration for you unless you punch their faces."

The Bohemian girl who told me the above story turned to her piano and for an hour captivated me with her interpretation of Mozart, Grieg, Chopin, and Beethoven. Then swayed by another thought, she faced me:

"I wonder sometimes why it is that the young people of America underestimate the foreign-speaking people who reside among them," she said. "Do you know that there is scarcely a Bohemian office girl in Chicago who has not from \$100 to \$500 invested in United States bonds and war saving stamps? There are very few of the young people in any of the Bohemian Baptist churches who have not had at least two years in high school.

"Sometimes our pastor makes remarks about the absence of our young people from the midweek prayer-meeting. Don't think for a moment that all of them are at the movies. The majority of our young people are attending night schools.

"Sometimes I like to talk about the literature that

appeals to me. Not often do I meet American girls of my own age who want to talk about the Iliad and about the works of Milton or Shakespeare or Spurgeon. I wonder if American young people realize what we foreign-speaking young people think when it is made plain to us that they consider us ignorant and uninteresting. Well, let me tell you I'm tremendously proud of the advancement some of the young Czecho-Slovaks have made in their adopted land, the language and customs of which they have been obliged to learn before making any headway at all."

I learned from another source (not Bohemian) that the superintendent of one of the largest printing establishments in Chicago gives a ready reception to young Bohemians who apply for positions. I was told by one of the Bohemian pastors that when his countrymen became converted they make better workmen. Business men have asked him to recommend Baptists who might be induced to enter their employ. For instance, a jeweler in a large Catholic community, through his minister, got in touch with a promising boy who is now rapidly working his way up in the business. This case is entirely typical.

One of the fine products of Baptist missionary work among the foreign-speaking people of Chicago is a young man who is a leader in one of the Bohemian churches. I was told that at one time he was a prizefighter and a barrel-house frequenter. Converted under the ministry of one of our Bohemian pastors, he has developed into one of the best boys' workers in Chicago. In a remarkable way he has fallen heir to the life abundant. Since his conversion he has married one of the Bohemian Baptist girls and has a lovely family of children. Employed as a traveling salesman, he has made special arrangements with his firm enabling him to come home every Sunday for church services. As an organizer of Boy Scout troops in connection with the Bohemian Sunday schools he has been very successful. The number of young men whom he has influenced to attend church and Sunday school has been notably large. At his council meeting of Boy Scouts many plans for the upbuilding of the kingdom are given birth.

It is the deliberate policy of the officials of the Massachusetts Baptist State Convention to get peoples of different nationalities to do something for each other, and then to do some things together. There are Swedish people who are working in Italian missions, lending a hand to the work for the Finnish people, and cordially welcoming Norwegians and Danes to fellowship and service. There are Lettish and Lithuanian brethren who have taken a leading part in work for the Russians, who speak only the Russian language. One French missionary occasionally conducts for the Italians a service in English; another French missionary has, in addition to his former work, become pastor of an English-speaking church in another part of the city.

The soldier boys of two score nationalities and more fought together over there. They and their kindred are learning to work over here.

THIS REMARKABLE ARTICLE SHOULD MAKE US ALL THINK HARD



The Sunshine Baby

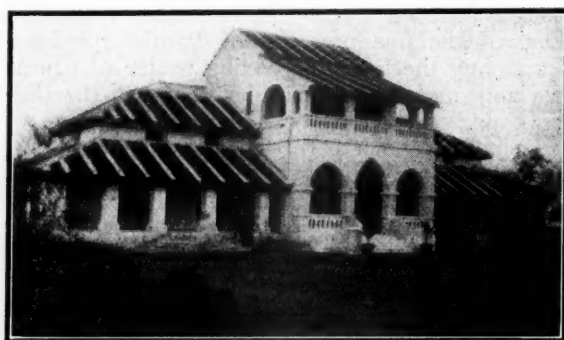
THE TRUE STORY OF HER LIFE AND TRAVELS, COMPANIONS AND EXPERIENCES IN INDIA AND AMERICA

BY REV. W. T. ELMORE

Formerly Missionary in India. Illustrations also furnished by him

II. SUNSHINE BABY ON EXHIBITION

THE baby has come," so went the word all over the *taluk* or country. Never before had there been a white baby in the bungalow, except little Sunshine Baby's brother who had been there only a few months, and then had gone to the Hills when he was taken sick, and had never come back. How sad all were when his father and mother came back with-



BABY'S BUNGLOW HOME AT PODILI

out him, trying to be brave, and how glad everyone was when Sunshine Baby came. Now everyone in the compound was happy again.

Old Nursiah took the best of care of the cow, Queenie, so that the milk would be good. The grass was almost all dried up now, but two women went every day to the hills four miles distant and brought great baskets of green grass on their heads. The oxen had to eat rice straw, but that would not do for Queenie. Old Nursamma, Nursiah's wife, who was the sweeper, almost worshiped Sunshine Baby, and never was so happy as when she could be allowed to wheel the carriage up and down the long veranda. Every day, and almost every hour of the day, groups of people came to the bungalow to see Sunshine Baby. Not a moment could she be left by herself. It is not impolite in India to walk right into the house, and at any time a dozen people from some distant village might come right in to see the baby. But Ruth met them all on the veranda, and if Sunshine Baby was asleep she would tell them with a smiling face to wait, and they would sit down patiently in the shade. Then when Sunshine Baby woke up, how proud was Ruth or her mother to bring her out on to the veranda and show her to the people. Then when the sun was almost down, Bobbie the

horse was hitched to the carriage, and Sunshine Baby would go for her daily outing. What a relief too to her father and mother after the hot day, in the midst of the work and many people, to have a little quiet ride together with Sunshine Baby. As they passed through the village the children would run from all sides to smile and salaam. Old men looked pleasant, and women would throw kisses. Sunshine Baby seemed to know that she was on exhibition, and laughed and cooed until she would fall asleep, for the day had been long and hot, and the quiet cool ride rested her.

And Sunshine Baby was teaching the people many things. One day a man was sitting on the edge of the veranda and talking.

"I wonder what evil these people have been doing that they should have a little girl," he said. "They appear to be good people. They must be very sorry that it is a girl."

"Sorry!" cried Ruth. "You ought to see them. This is the happiest house in the *taluk*. Sunshine Baby's father carries her on his shoulder, and can't



SUNSHINE BABY ENJOYED HER POSITION

wait until she wakes up. They seem to love her more because she is a girl."

"Strange," said the man. "In our houses we are ashamed when a girl comes, and think it is most a curse. But surely their way is best," and he sat long in the listless attitude so common in India, but really taking in everything he saw. He sat there until late afternoon, and when at last he had seen Sunshine Baby carried in triumph to the carriage by her father, and the little party start off so happy for the evening ride, he arose and came where Ruth was putting away the baby things.

"And is that the way all Christians treat their wives and girl babies?" he asked.

"I think it is," said Ruth.

"Well, if that ever comes to India it certainly will be like heaven," he said, and walked away toward his village.

"I'm afraid that I can't come in," said a woman one day who stood outside the veranda, drawn that far by curiosity.

"What's the matter? What are you afraid of?"

asked Pichamma, who was sitting on the veranda floor sewing.

"The white people. They say they are not like our people," she replied. "I might come if it was only the white woman, but her husband is there too, isn't he? No, I can't come in."

"Abbo! abbo!" laughed Pichamma. "Yes, he is in the office, but I wish you could see Sunshine Baby's father rolling all over the floor, playing with her, and getting her ball. I

guess you wouldn't be afraid then."

"Does he do that?" asked the woman, edging toward the door. Sure enough they were having a romp at that very minute. But Sunshine Baby's father had heard the conversation, and a moment after he was sure the woman had really seen him, he gave Sunshine Baby back to her mother, and slipped into the office, closing the door behind him.

"Come in," said Ruth with a smile. And the woman came in shyly and stayed one hour. That night she talked in her village for two hours telling of all she had seen and heard.

Thus the fame of Sunshine Baby and the strange ways of the white fathers and mothers spread far and near among the people.

III. THE SECOND JOURNEY

Kanigiri is eighteen miles from Podili, which was Sunshine Baby's home. In Kanigiri lived the dearest man, all alone, for his family was in America. So when Sunshine Baby's father had work to keep him in Kanigiri for three weeks, Sunshine Baby and her mother were invited also, and gladly did they accept.



THE BRIGHT-EYED BABIES OF INDIA

The days were getting hotter and hotter, and again the trip had to be made in the night. Queenie was milked in the morning, and then two faithful men started with her on the journey before it should get too hot. When about half-way they stopped by a large, open well, which had steps going down into the water on three sides. Queenie was tied under a tree near-by and given plenty of water and grass.

About sunset Bobbie and the carriage were brought out, and Sunshine Baby started on her second journey. This time the trip was over a good road, so that it was not necessary to go in the ox-cart, as was the case on the first journey. The evening wind swept in strongly from the sea, forty miles away, but the curtains were buttoned tightly, and old Bobbie trotted along at a rapid pace for India.

In less than two hours they came to the well where Queenie was waiting. She was milked, and Sunshine Baby was fed, and bottles filled for the night. Then Queenie started on the journey again so as to be in Kanigiri in time to give Sunshine Baby her breakfast.

Bobbie was rested now, and trotted along for the rest of the journey. It was not very late bedtime when Sunshine Baby came to the end of this journey, and after holding court for a little while to be admired by the people who had not seen a white baby for a long time, she was tucked into her crib, and went to sleep with the *punkah* waving lustily above her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



READY FOR A JOURNEY TO
KANAGIRI



THE EDITOR'S POINT OF VIEW



A Spiritual Campaign

Difficulties disappear when the divine power comes.

In the undertaking in which we are now engaged—which involves completing the raising of the entire One Hundred Million Dollars in order to meet our missionary needs and world responsibilities—the primary and strong emphasis is to be laid this year upon the development of spiritual power and the releasing through faith and prayer of our divine resources. A revival of religion in our churches will mean the accomplishment of all our aims. Nothing but the powerful sweep of a revival tide can raise our denomination to the level of its duty and the world appeal of today.

This, then, is the thing to plan, pray, and work for—to reach in some way of spiritual quickening the last local church.

It is not planned to have another campaign week of intensive character like that of last year. Rather, the campaign will be quiet and continuous, with the stress upon the spiritual phases; at the same time being careful not to separate spirituality from giving, as though prayer were more spiritual than the giving of the means that makes the answer possible.

Without creating false distinctions, what we want to seek with all our hearts is that power which comes only from above, having which we shall be led to do the divine will in all things.

If we attain the spiritual ends we need not worry about the material.



Suffering Baptists in Central Europe

There were two addresses at the Winona Lake Conference which ought to be in the hands of all our pastors, and by them be brought to their people. The truth as to the conditions found by our representatives in Central Europe must in some way be gotten into the consciousness of our people, so that the response may be immediate and adequate. Our share of relief money was fixed by the recent London Conference of Baptists at \$1,500,000, while the Southern Baptist representatives accepted a like amount, this to be used at the rate of a half million a year for the next five years. This calls for \$500,000 at once, to meet needs so pressing that if they are not met not only increased suffering, but many deaths from starvation must take place among innocent victims of the World War.

In presenting the matter Dr. Franklin, who has just returned from Europe, where in company with Dr. Hunt, of Bucknell, he visited many countries, including Austria and Germany, said that wherever people are denied the privilege of having a Bible it is our aim to go. In Europe's weakness we must not desert them. He expressed the debt of the Foreign

Society to the Home Mission Society for lending Mr. Brooks and four other of its workers for the mission in Europe. But for them we could not have had such a good report of the conditions and needs in Europe. We have more information today about Europe and about Baptists in Europe than we ever had before. He then spoke of the London Conference, at which there were representatives from all nations, including Germany and Austria. He described the affecting scene when a French delegate shook hands with a German delegate—a thing he had never expected to do. A German had made a deep impression by his spirit and statements. Dr. Franklin said we should love our enemies and take the spirit of Jesus Christ to this suffering humanity. The war has brought to our attention a great missionary field. The London Conference resulted in several practical things. Responsibility for lending assistance to the southern countries of Europe will fall to the Southern Baptist Convention, and for the northern countries of Europe to the Northern Baptist Convention. "Brethren, look up!" said he earnestly. "It is ours to help take Europe for Jesus Christ. In all of our travel through Germany we did not meet with an unkind word or an ungracious deed. We realized something of the strength of the Baptists in Germany at the Theological Seminary at Hamburg. The German Baptists are going to all parts of Europe with the gospel. We then went on up to Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Shakespeare was wrong. I didn't see anything 'rotten in Denmark.' They are planning there as if they were millions strong?" As to the suffering, he said it was indescribable, appalling. And a special appeal comes to American Baptists from the fact that there are thousands of Baptists in some of the countries who are in deep suffering and distress, and who have been overlooked by the relief organizations. This was not intentional with the heads of the relief organizations, but they had to depend upon reports from local bodies, and in countries where religious bigotry was strong and the Baptists looked upon as scum of the earth, naturally they were left out, and had no redress. Hence it is our particular duty to see that these sufferers are cared for. It is for this that much of the half million is asked for this year. In no way, said Dr. Franklin impressively, can American Baptists and Protestants generally make such progress with the gospel as by relieving the distress now, and thus proving that this is a practical gospel of brotherhood and sympathy, love and helpfulness. We shall reap the results for years to come if we act quickly now in this momentous matter. His words created intense interest, and it was seen that here lies the first great appeal that will awaken enthusiasm and zeal for our entire cause and campaign.

Mr. Brooks followed with a deeply moving address, which will find its answer in action. He said: "When

I think of Europe, I think of two words, Need and Opportunity. I think of Europe as a great scrap-heap as the result of the war. What must have happened to the spiritual life of Europe during the five years of the war. When we think of the moral and spiritual devastation, the only thing that can save them is the grace of Jesus Christ. I think now of opportunity, I don't like to talk about the need. I could make you feel bad, but I won't do that. Today Europe is a great mass of plastic humanity. In one of the schools in Russia the children run things and the teacher has nothing to say. Many of the others are liable to follow this same plan or socialist idea, and you can readily see what will happen if they do. In France, where aid has been given, such as plows, tractors, books, and maps for the schools, you can go in and preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, and this is true of almost any other country. When you see the home, you see that we have got to change the thinking of the home, change the hearts and lives in these homes. This is the only process that can save Europe. We have to exercise spiritual valuation as never before."

Christianity is being challenged in Europe today, he said. I am afraid to spend my share of the \$100,000,000 unless I am sure that the program is adequately fixed. It was said Protestantism in Germany was bankrupt. In fact, it is bankrupt everywhere, and we have got to have spiritual reality or we can't do anything. The churches of Jesus Christ today need the spirit of passion fired to its utmost, in order to consider their own responsibility. This \$100,000,000 is worth nothing unless it train the greater spiritual personality in our people. Nothing but that spirit that dares do all and meets the challenge as the great apostle met it will make this movement successful.

When a way was indicated by which the half million asked for by the speakers could be made a part of the Hundred Million Dollar budget, the enthusiasm rose to a high pitch. The gratefulness of the Foreign Mission Society was voiced by Dr. Anderson and Dr. Franklin, and the meeting closed with the only hymn appropriate, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," for it had been thrilled by an exhibition of the unity of our missionary societies that revealed the splendid Christian character of the new day into which we have come.



The Unreached Area

When the fact is mentioned that 500,000 Northern Baptists, or one-third of the total membership in our constituency, have as yet given nothing in the New World Movement campaign, the statement is apt to carry a certain element of discouragement with it. But on second thought, what a field this leaves for effort in the continuation of the campaign. We do not have now to cultivate solely ground that has already been burnt over in order to see success ahead. Of course no means will be spared to reach this as yet unreached area. The main part of the millions still to be raised should come from this source. There is no longer any plausible reason, certainly no valid

one, for any Baptist church or church-member to hold back.

Then there is another large area for diligent work. That is the area of the churches that did not raise their quotas in full in the first campaign. In these churches there are many of the half million referred to above. By some means they should be enlisted.

If these two areas can be successfully cultivated, and the membership be drawn into unity and totality in its praying and giving, the future will be secured for something far greater than the financial objective—secured for that new life in Christ and that new resultant activity in all spheres of service that can alone make the church of Christ worthy to represent him in the world.



A Strong Encouragement

Attention was called to the fact at the Winona Conference that while the discouraging facts should not be blinked, neither should the encouraging ones be overlooked. For example, while it is true that in the first campaign we fell far short of raising the full One Hundred Millions; on the other hand, we should remember that a very great and unexampled piece of work was done—an augury of what can be done when we really set about it. For instance, the per capita giving was not only far in excess of anything done before by Northern Baptists, but it was in excess of the per capita giving by the Methodists in their Centenary Movement, or by the Southern Baptists in their \$75,000,000 campaign, or by the Presbyterians in their New Era Movement. Let us not forget, either, the splendid record made by the great number of churches which completed their heavy quotas, often when to do so had seemed absolutely impossible when the task was first faced. Nor are those churches any less to be remembered which made a gallant effort without full success in reaching their allotment.

In the light of that record, knowing that the churches which have done well will be ready to do a little better, since there are new members coming in who need to be trained in stewardship, and assured too that they will be ready to aid through their Minute Men and Women, there is encouragement, as the campaign is resumed after the summer rest.

In the name of Christ our Lord, in the interest of imperiled fields and imperative Macedonian calls, and for the sake of our churches at home and all of our country's and the world's welfare involved in their spiritual vitality and vigor, let us go forward to achieve the goal fixed at Denver.



Missions at One Dollar in Clubs

We have told elsewhere why the subscription price of MISSIONS has been advanced to One Dollar a year in clubs. The change carries an appeal to the loyalty of our subscribers. We cannot afford to lose a single one, and want fifty thousand more. On our part, we promise a better magazine than ever. We have not called upon the pastors very often, but we ask them to help us now by telling their people what MISSIONS is.

NOTE AND COMMENT

¶ A letter from Miss Ursula Dresser, of Ongole, South India, calls attention to an omission (in March Missions) which we certainly regret and cannot quite account for. In "Lessons in the Geography of Mission Fields," while South India was mentioned as on the map, it was not named with appropriate statistics in the list that followed. How the omission occurred we cannot tell, but certainly South India, with its famous Lone Star Mission, is not only very much on the map, but in the front rank for activities. Read what Mr. Manley says on page 550 about the needs of the Telugu Mission.

¶ A Methodist commission sent to investigate conditions in Europe from the Sunday school and religious educational point of view reports that the childhood of Europe is broken and demoralized, physically, mentally, and religiously. The answer to the need is religious education based upon the pure ideals of Jesus Christ. The time is therefore ripe for a strong Sunday school movement in Europe. The commission recommends the establishment of a professorship of religious education in the theological and Bible training schools; teacher-training institutes; the young people organized; weekday religious education experimentation on a wide scale; recreational training; and Sunday school literature. It says Europe is a storehouse of consecrated life anxious for Christian service. If this proves to be true, it will be the best news that has come for many a day—the organization in every field of at least one demonstration Sunday school where the best plans could be worked out and their value demonstrated in one of the practical recommendations. The commission believes that the enlarged work it proposes could be made largely self-supporting within a few years.

¶ The Foreign Mission Society issues a bulletin, as occasion may require, for exclusive circulation among missionaries and members of the boards of managers of our two Foreign Societies. "The Messenger," as it is named, gives information of a confidential nature, not for publication. This is a valuable medium of communication, with the missionaries more especially, and the careful preparation betrays the skilful hand of Associate Secretary Lippard. There is no subscription price or list, and the number of issues is made dependent on the necessities that arise. "The Messenger," as a medium, suggests the way in which the State Conventions can most fully serve their interests, and sets a standard both as to quality of matter and typography.

¶ The seventeenth annual session of the Northfield Summer School of Religious Education is regarded as one of the most important yet held. There were 662 carefully selected students, leaders in local churches. The general theme was "An American Program of Religious Education." The churches are gradually awakening to the vital importance of this subject, and when the present-day conditions are made known to our people there will be no question about the response. We shall expect Secretary Hill to make our readers acquainted with the facts.

¶ A Methodist missionary reports that at the Asakusa Buddhist temple in Tokyo the offerings in the collection boxes amount to 200 yen (or \$100) a day, or \$700 a week; and the nickels and pennies given to Buddha are so numerous as to make small change scarce. Many shrines are said to

receive over 10,000 yen a year in these small offerings. "Buddha has done little for the people, but note their giving," he says. "If the Japanese are led to see a real Saviour, what will they not do?"

¶ We are indebted to Rev. Sidney V. Hollingworth for two views which he took at the Buffalo Convention—one of a part of the audience in the big hall, the other of the outdoor gathering at the time of the falling of a section of the photographer's stand, when many were injured. The photographs came too late for use, but the thoughtfulness of sending them is appreciated.

¶ Dr. Charles M. Sheldon urges the great Christian denominations to establish daily newspapers that would champion the settlement of our great national and industrial questions by the principles of Jesus. He believes such a press could abolish war, secure world-wide prohibition, and bring in the universal brotherhood.

¶ Seeking to explain the difference between English and American preachers, the *Congregationalist* points out what seem to be the leading notes of English preaching today, as illustrated by the speakers at the recent meeting of the International Congregational Council in Boston. These notes are: (1) The typical English sermon today is a message, not an essay; (2) The gospel for the individual as well as for society is central; (3) The English ministers preach Christ. Undoubtedly the editorial conclusion is right, that the American pulpit would be more influential if preachers all over the land should make it their deliberate purpose to edify and feed Christ's sheep and lambs. They want and need the personal message that goes straight home, that makes Christ real. If you would have power, "Preach Christ."

¶ Dr. S. Earl Taylor, one of the secretaries of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions, who was the leader of the Methodist Centenary Movement and afterward loaned by his board to serve as executive secretary of the Interchurch World Movement, has been granted a year's complete rest, in which he will seek to regain his shattered health. For twenty-one years he has been engaged in missionary work, and has rendered a varied and exceptional service, recognized by his own and all the denominations. Friends in all parts of the world will pray that he may find full recovery.

¶ It was merited recognition of a leader in the cause of missions when the International Congregational Council chose Dr. James M. Barton, Secretary of the American Board, as its president at the Boston meeting. His untiring efforts in behalf of the suffering peoples of the Near East have placed him among the leaders in the war and reconstruction days, and the Council honored itself as much as it did him in its choice of a head.

¶ "There is no greater foe to humanity, no more powerful enemy of the unfortunate peoples of Europe, than he who in any way tries to sow discord between England and the United States at their critical moment, whether it be for the sake of Ireland or anything else." Those are the words of Dr. Frederick Lynch, editor of *Christian Work*, and we heartily agree with him. Political parties or leaders who try to make capital out of such sowing will find that they have a public righteous indignation to reckon with.

¶ Our readers will find that there are four articles in this issue that are worth far more than the new subscription price of one dollar for a whole year of equally inspiring issues. We know of no other magazine of like worth published today at so low a price. The reasons appear conclusively in the editorial on another page.

A Song of Trust, and Trophies of the Gospel

The Place of the Sea

Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life
Where, in spite of all you can do,
There is no way out, there is no way back,
There is no other way but through?
Then wait on the Lord, with a trust serene,
Till the night of your fear is gone;
He will send the winds, he will heap the floods,
When he says to your soul, "Go on!"

And his hand shall lead you through, clear through,
Ere the watery walls roll down;
No wave can touch you, no foe can smite,
No mightiest sea can drown.
The tossing billows may rear their crests,
Their foam at your feet may break,
But over their bed you shall walk dry-shod
In the path that your Lord shall make.

In the morning watch, 'neath the lifted cloud,
You shall see but the Lord alone,
When he leads you forth from the place of the sea,
To a land that you have not known;
And your fears shall pass as your foes have passed,
You shall no more be afraid;
You shall sing his praise in a better place,
In a place that his hand hath made.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

Able to Save to the Uttermost

From the Methodist Mission in Madras, India, comes this story of remarkable bravery and fidelity on the part of an Indian woman, and the equally remarkable conversion of her husband.

We have had some remarkable conversions during the year. We would like to mention the husband of Uthama, who was very angry because she took her stand for Jesus and was baptized a few years ago. He beat her, and he had his eldest son drag her by the hair through some of the streets in the village. He locked her up sometimes, and often took the knife to her, but the neighbors would interfere and remind him of the law. One day when she was coming to church, he beat her so fearfully that she told him, "If you kill my body, my soul will still belong to Christ." At one time he wanted to put her on a horse and take her round the village, so that the people could abuse her. He was an absolute terror in the village, and we were afraid to go there when he was present. But the dear village workers did not leave him alone, but prayed and worked hard for him, so that the lion became a lamb, and he believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. He fell at his wife's feet and begged for pardon. He said that the tongue which spoke such vile and abusive language would only speak for God now; the hands that beat his wife would only be lifted in prayer; and the feet which kicked her would only be used in God's service. So he was baptized. This was indeed a day of prayer and thanksgiving, for we know how much salvation meant for this man and his faithful wife.



MA MYINT, OF BURMA

The Sweet Girl Graduate in Burma

The picture of Ma Myint gives no idea of the exquisite coloring which you would see in the original. The narrow skirt is of very pale blue Burmese silk. The jacket is of pure white lawn, and the hair-ribbon is probably of some dark, rich color. The dress of Burmese girls is so modest and simple that one wishes there might never be any change to the feverish attempts to keep in style which darken the days of American women.

Ma Myint is just as interesting as she looks. She graduated in 1919 from the Morton Lane School in Moulmein (which, by the way, is one of the best girls' schools in the Orient), and went to college in Rangoon the same year. She is very young for college work, but is taking with conspicuous success the Science Course, in preparation for medical study when she is graduated from Rangoon. She is only prevented from making profession of her Christian faith by the influence and control of her parents. Let us pray that the way may be opened for her to openly confess the faith which she cherishes in her heart, and that she may be spared to become one of the leaders among the Christian women of Burma. These are the trophies of grace in our work.—Mrs. W. A. Montgomery.

A Rider of the Old Fremont Trail

A STORY OF FRONTIER MISSIONS, BY COE HAYNE

IX. "OH, IF HE HAD NOT COME!"

WHEN the Lost River schoolhouse was built a man was secured as the first teacher, and old-timers will tell you that the trustees presented him with a loaded cowboy's quirt with the injunction—given with picturesque cowboy emphasis—that its use was absolutely necessary.

In course of time came Daisy Gray and then Ellen Ormsby to guide the youth of Lost River into paths of wisdom. It is not related that they ever had occasion to use the cowboy's quirt.

Ellen had worked as a domestic at a home in Hailey a month when some friends in Mallard became interested in her behalf and established a private school for her, paying her a small salary by personal subscription. She did not have a teacher's certificate, but was remarkably successful as a teacher from the start. She studied industriously at night and soon prepared herself to take the examination for a teacher's certificate. She successfully passed the examination, receiving a third-grade certificate. In the meantime the Missionary was on the lookout for a school for her, and secured her appointment as a teacher of the Lost River school. He took her in his own rig across the dreary lava desert to the beautiful valley.

Only once since Ellen Ormsby's conversion did she return to the home from which she had been driven. The purpose of this visit was to ask her father for financial assistance. Kitty was in failing health and needed an expensive course of treatment in a hospital. As she found that it would be impossible to obtain money from home unless Kitty and she returned to Mormonism, there was no alternative but to call upon her friends in her extremity. She did this shrinkingly, yet her concern for her sister drove her to it. Kitty received the necessary medical attention and her life was saved.

Kitty was in the hospital at Salt Lake City when Ellen began teaching in Lost River Valley. It was about this time that the Lost River Baptist church was dedicated—a notable event in the history of the valley. The rough lumber had been brought down from the hills, and all dressed lumber and other building material was hauled by freighters across the burning Blackfoot Desert. The Missionary had brought with him across the lava desert, Rev. L. G. Clark, the superintendent of missions for Montana and Idaho. After the dedication of the church a few days were spent in special meetings. The spirit of the Master was there in manifest power.

Among those who testified in one of the meetings was Ellen Ormsby, the young school teacher. Somehow she had been prompted to relate, in part, her experience since her revolt against Mormonism and the consequent happiness which had marked her Christian life. It was a heroic as well as a delicate piece of work. But she had had a unique experience. She did not speak at all bitterly. She felt

that she must tell the things that would magnify Christ. When her story was told she was about to sit down when she turned and faced the congregation again.

"Dear friends," she said, her soul inspired and the light of heaven upon her face, "If this were all—if there were nothing more of Christianity than this—the glory and blessed mission of service—it would be worth everything. But it is not all!" Inexpressibly sweet and tender was the voice of the girl as her soul flamed forth. "It is not all! There is something beyond; there is an eternity of service. And will you not enter into this larger, fuller life which God makes possible?"

Hearts were melted with Christian love that night while the angels sang in heaven.

In that congregation sat a young rancher who had given closest attention while Ellen spoke. With all the strength of his manhood Grant Steadman loved her. Well educated and of fine parentage, he was in every respect a worthy suitor of this queen of the country; yet he had failed thus far to win her consent to marry him.

It was during one of the Missionary's first meetings in the valley that Grant had taken a whole-hearted stand for Christ. His way of coming had been so straightforward and clean that it made a profound impression upon the people of Big Lost. He had been a fine, moral young man, but never had made a profession until one night when the Missionary preached a sermon on loyalty. The Missionary had made it plain that there was a line of demarcation, and a man must be absolutely on one side or the other. There was no middle ground—either for Christ or against him.

Grant Steadman had stood up and said, "Never until tonight has it come home to me that my neglect to confess Christ has kept me on the wrong side of the fence. But from now on I am on the Lord's side."

He hardly could wait until he reached home to tell the good news to his mother. The Missionary went home with him that night. Together they unharnessed and put the horses in their stables. They went into the room where the mother was. The boy walked quickly across the room and put his arms around her neck.

"Mother," he said, "I told the people tonight that I was going to be a Christian from now on."

It was a moment of supreme happiness for the mother. She was a keen Bible student, believed in regeneration, and had been waiting and praying for this event to occur in the life of her son. That was a joyous home that night.

Here, then, were two young people, wide-awake, broad-minded, and consecrated—two among the many whose lives had been touched by the Missionary. It is not to be wondered at that the Missionary, before the coming of Ellen to Lost River Valley, had

thought of the possibility of the union of these two young lives in marriage—a splendid match indeed!

But for some reason Grant could not convince Ellen that it was in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that she should become his wife. Patiently, persistently, and ardently he wooed her, but her ears seemingly were deaf to his pleadings.

After teaching a term at Lost River, Ellen accepted a school at the Narrows. Was it her purpose to elude her lover? If so, she failed to turn him aside in his purpose to win her as his wife. Grant always found it convenient to take her to her school Monday morning and come for her Friday night. Ellen's

His ultimatum was pure bluff, but he delivered it well considering the pounding of his heart. The girl caught her breath. She was not ready to lose him. In a word she betrayed her love for him.

"Then why can't we get married?" he asked.

In a few words she told him that Kitty was absolutely dependent upon her and that she was unwilling to burden him with her family cares.

"Oh, my little one, is that all?" he shouted gleefully. "Is that all? Why bless you, I'll adopt Kitty for my sister!"

The wedding occurred at the close of that term of school. Further comment is unnecessary.



THE DEDICATION OF LOST RIVER BAPTIST CHURCH WAS A NOTABLE EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF BIG LOST RIVER VALLEY

permanent home was with a family living near the Lost River post-office.

One glorious afternoon Ellen stood in the entrance of her little schoolhouse and saw him coming. How straight he sat as he galloped swiftly toward her. She was trembling with excitement and grief. This independent young ranchman had told her that he meant to have a final answer this night. She had made up her mind that she must refuse him. And oh, how she loved him!

"No, Grant; I cannot say yes to you," she told him. "Not tonight."

"I said that I wouldn't do any more postponing," said the young man. "Now, there's my brother. He's been courting that Little Lost schoolma'm for six years and he's still at it. I'm going to get married right soon. Of course, if you don't want to be the bride at my wedding, I'll have to look for another girl."

No brother could have shown an invalid girl greater devotion than Grant Steadman always manifested for Kitty. Through all the years since that golden day when Ellen promised to marry him, he has included his "adopted sister" in his plans. With health regained, Kitty, within a few years after Ellen's marriage, won a splendid husband and a home.

Grant Steadman is today one of the most prosperous and highly respected business men in Idaho. Ellen's two children are being prepared for college. Kitty's husband died a year before this record was completed, and she is now devoting her property and talents to the spread of the gospel in the intermountain region.

One day the writer sat in front of Ellen Ormsby Steadman's kitchen fire watching a pan of beautiful rainbow trout crisping in butter. The view from the window was enticing, inasmuch as it included a broad sweep of green meadow, a valley dotted with

many ranches almost as attractive as the Steadman ranch, and beyond the valley the snow-capped Lost River Mountains. But just then the trout were more enticing than the landscape; the watcher was thinking, and somehow his thoughts were bound up with that cheery fire and the sputtering contents of the frying-pan. Presently Ellen Steadman removed the trout to the breakfast table. And just then it happened that she was the only other person in the room.

"What if the Missionary had not come to Mal-lard?" abruptly asked the lover of fried trout.

A startled expression appeared for an instant in the eyes of the hostess. "Oh, if he had not come!" she said.

Nor was the guest thinking only of the possible loss of a trout breakfast.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

China's Modern Goliath

Non-Christian illiterates, 324,000,000.

Christian illiterates, 188,000.

Non-Christian literates, 36,000,000.

Christian literates, 125,000.

A reading church is a growing church.

A growing church is what China needs.

"The introduction of phonetic script into China provides a weapon for attacking her national giant, illiteracy. This weapon may be used for good or for evil. One who is using this new script with splendid results in school and church and in forward evangelistic work says: 'Disseminate knowledge widely this script surely will. What that knowledge is to be depends upon you and me.' If the church of God can be aroused to immediate and united action this new weapon may be used for truth and righteousness and the knowledge of God's word be given to the masses with a clearness and fullness impossible before."

Every dollar given to build new churches, to pay the salaries of evangelists and Chinese workers, to send new missionaries to China, helps the Chinese church and the Christian forces to prevail against this Chinese Philistine—ILLITERACY.

CHINA'S PROBLEM

Ninety-five million untaught children.

One hundred and twenty-five thousand five hundred and thirteen children in Christian schools.

For every boy in a Christian school there are thirty-five in government or private schools and 410 not in school at all.

For every girl in a Christian school there are three in government schools and 900 not in school.

WHY NOT DO MORE FOR THE BOYS—and

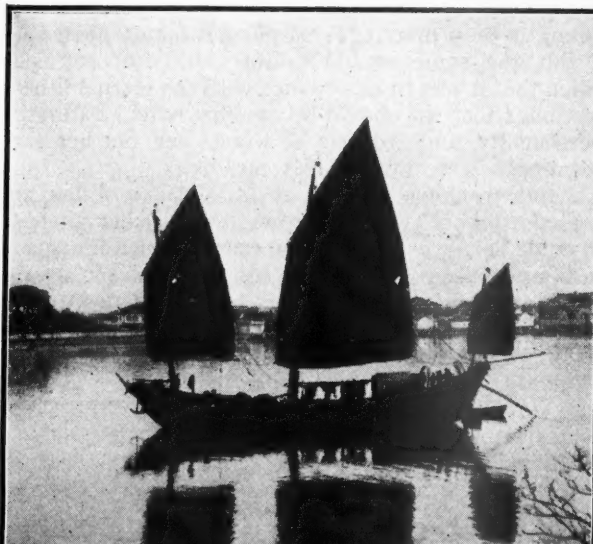
WHY NOT GIVE THE GIRLS A CHANCE?

At every one of our Baptist stations in China our schools call for enlargement, new buildings, more teachers; everywhere crowded conditions, no room for the boys and girls who are asking for a Christian education.

WILL YOU GIVE YOUR MONEY OR

WILL YOU GIVE YOUR LIFE

To help to solve China's Problem?



RIVER BOAT. TAKEN FROM MISSION HOUSE, NINGPO, CHINA. SAILS ARE A REDDISH-BROWN COLOR.
A GROUP OF SCHOOLGIRLS ON A PICNIC, NINGPO.
BOAT NO. 2. SCHOOLGIRLS ON A PICNIC, NINGPO.

Every-day Doings in Ningpo

BY DORA ZIMMERMAN

We had not gotten settled in our remodeled house when the stream of callers began. My new little study on the river proved a great joy to me and a great relief to the others in those very first days of its use, and I'm as happy as a queen to have a place at last where I can slip away and have a private talk with those who come to consult with me.

One of the first to call was the mother of Siu-kying, with her daughter. She brought me two boxes of Chinese candy labeled with red paper and tied with red string, and assured me it was fresh and must be eaten that day, as it was not good when stale. As it was in the midst of the cholera season, and we were studiously avoiding everything not hot or guaranteed fly-proof, I passed them on.

Yes, of course she had an ax to grind. When strangers come with gifts, beware. She assured me that she could not pay the full fees for Siu-kying, and proceeded to prove it by telling how much she had paid out within the last year for her husband's funeral, then her daughter's, and for the wedding of her two sons, and went on to say that she had another sum to scrape together in order to marry off her dead daughter. I had met this superstition before, so was not quite so shocked as you are at the thought, and tried to show her that this was an unnecessary expense. She told me she would have to find a dead boy to whom to betroth her, and then there would be all the bridal clothes and jewelry and the bridal chair to pay for, making the total cost about one hundred dollars. With all my arguments I could not convince her that it would be better to spend this money on the education of her living daughter. Siu-kying herself has just recently accepted Christ, and is beginning to help in the little street Sunday school this fall; so let us hope that her life will accomplish what my arguments could not in leading her mother to the better way.

I remember how shocked I was when I reached Shanghai to find that there were still women with actual bound feet, even in so progressive a city as Shanghai. I had another shock this week when I unbound the foot of the little daughter of our Christian teacher, who is a graduate of Hangchow Christian College, and found the four little toes all crushed in together in the approved heathen fashion. His wife is a rank Buddhist, with no education at all. I suggested unbinding them entirely at one fell swoop instead of gradually, and having her stay in bed a few days so they would not pain her so much.

She has been absent, so I judge he has taken the advice.

The high-school girls are delighted with the prospect of cooking-lessons this term in the new little room I have succeeded in renting just next to our dining-room. They are busy getting their aprons ready. Come out and have a meal with them.

I am starting a class in social service with them, and this week we went to visit one of the five emergency cholera hospitals which have been doing such fine work this summer. They said they had treated about four hundred cases, and lost only fourteen. Doctor Grant has opened several hospitals in the out-stations, and one of Miss Smith's nurses had been out helping in one of them for some weeks. She got word today that this nurse herself has the cholera, and Miss Smith is going out to see what she can do for her.

I wish you could have been in our Y. W. C. A. meeting Sunday night, when the girls told about the social work they had done through the summer. Most of those who reported had spent their energies in Sunday school work for street children, and they reported twelve little Sunday schools in different places. Some of them had an average of only five or six children each Sunday, but the fact that they had gone right on through the summer even with such small numbers pleased me immensely. In all twelve of the places the average attendance totaled two hundred and fifty. The largest one was at our West Gate church, where so many of the girls live. Here they averaged about one hundred each Sunday. One girl conducted two little Sunday schools, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon. Another had hers at night.

Polly said: "I used up all the cards I had taken from school and some of my own. Some of the parents who did not formerly come to church got started by bringing their children to the Sunday school, and now they come quite regularly."

Phæbe: "I hadn't much to teach the children this year, for they knew so many of the songs and Bible stories, but it was a great satisfaction to see the results of the work done in former summers." She also conducted a little free day-school.

Ida: "I'm ashamed to mention ours, for the children ran away, and it could hardly be called a Sunday school. We would go out to call them and get a bunch to the gate and leave them there while we went to hunt some more. When we would get back with the sec-

ond group the first ones had all fled."

Lily: "I ought not to mention my work, for it was so tiny, but I enjoyed it very much. The five children who were in my home every Sunday used to be constantly singing low street songs, but after I taught them some hymns they dropped the others and always kept singing hymns. They were very fond indeed of singing, and wanted to sing most of the time. They always begged me for cards too, and I had none to give them, so all I could do was to promise them some next year."

Esther: "I've just been sitting here trembling for fear the president would call on me, though I told her not to, for I did not join the 'Time Investment Club' in June, and have only failed to report. I still had the little children in my home, as in previous summers, about ten a week. They did awfully well with the stories and songs, and when I told them about the orphanage here, they were all so interested that they wanted to bring money for these orphan children. Mother warned me not to ask them to bring money lest their parents refuse to let them come, but I explained carefully that they must only bring pennies saved from candy or cakes or toys, and must not ask their parents for any. They promised faithfully and straightway went home and told their mothers they had to have money to take to Sunday school. Sure enough, the attendance fell off, as mother had predicted, so there was nothing for me to do but to give back all the money they had brought, and then they all came back again. It isn't very easy to do progressive things way back in the country." She is the only Christian in her village. Notice that her mother, though not a Christian, was interested in the success of her Sunday school.

When will I ever learn to write short letters? Why don't you write and teach me how? A short one would be better than none. And don't forget that if you pray rightly for this work, your part in it is as big as mine.

(Sunday school children here could help by sending their Sunday school cards to Miss Zimmerman. They could paste white paper over the used sides of picture post-cards and send them. Then the Chinese young ladies who conduct these classes would print Bible verses on the clean white paper and use them to attract children to the Sunday school. Wrap the cards strongly, address to Miss Dora Zimmerman, Baptist Mission, Ningpo, China. Mark the package "printed matter" and pay at parcel post rates, twelve cents a pound. —Helen Barrett Montgomery.)

What a little thing—to send a package of post-cards or pictures. Yet see what it does!

Instead of Flowers, a Doll

BY ISABEL CRAWFORD

I

She was lying in bed with the death look on her pretty Indian face and chills and fever racking her emaciated body when I entered with a beautiful black-haired dolly all dressed in its very best, the gift of a white girlie to her little Indian sister.

Suddenly the listless eyes sparkled, the face burst into radiant smiles and two little thin hands reached up and seized the prize.

Then the quilt quickly lifted and everything was hidden from our sight.

Father, mother, sisters, brother, and missionary stood about the bedside gazing on the wonderful and real moving picture, smothering sobs, till the dolly was drawn under the covers and then we laughed and laughed again, with tears streaming down our cheeks.

II

"Send for the missionary now. I expect to go at midnight and I want her to come and talk with me about the Saviour and pray for me for the last time." And so I went over.

Clara was propped up with pillows and beside her, at the back of the bed on a carefully folded blue baby blanket, was the precious doll and a little black New Testament.

She smiled knowingly as I came in and lifted the thin hands in the attitude of prayer. Taking them both in mine, I said, "Dear little Clara, I am glad you sent for me. I told you before, that I thought the Great Physician, who cures everybody who wants him to, was on the way and now I think he is almost here.

"You know he is my Saviour and mother's Saviour and father's and Minnie's and LeRoy's.

"You believe in your little child-heart that he is your Saviour, too don't you?"

"Yes."

"And you are not afraid to go with him to the beautiful home?"

"No."

"You trust him fully?"

"Yes, I am all ready to go with him now."

And the little head, above the clasped hands, bowed for prayer.

III

The church was nearly full. A choir had gathered and the pallbearers were in the side seat.

The missionary conducted the service with full heart and then the undertaker invited the friends to come forward.

The little one lay in a pink velvet coffin lined with white silk and banked up with beautiful flowers.

The change of expression on the faces of those who gazed in the coffin was marked. Some of the children lingered longer than usual and some even turned and looked twice. The reason for this was that instead of the usual white flowers, a beautiful black-haired, red-cheeked dolly lay clasped in the lifeless arms.

O death, where is thy sting? for "the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

A Busy Superintendent

Rev. Charles R. Shepherd, superintendent of Chinese work on the Pacific Coast, during less than five months traveled 2,750 miles, visiting in the interest of the work eighteen cities and towns in four States, attended 131 religious services, delivered fifty-eight sermons and addresses, and wrote 165 letters. During the same period he rendered frequent service to our Woman's Home Mission Society, and to the Chinese and missionaries going to and coming from China. He gives the following interesting report of the work in San Francisco:

"The Sunday school is our chief problem just at present. We are adopting the same policy here as with the church, that of throwing more responsibility upon the Chinese. As soon as we discover talent among them we push them to the front. At a recent entertainment we made our first move in this direction by thrusting a large part of the program upon the young men. They were encouraged in the application of their native art of dramatization. Instead of the young people being passive onlookers, about twenty of them took part. It is good to see the Chinese doing things and doing them in Chinese style. These healthful, hearty, social gatherings have been greatly enjoyed.

"The night school continues to grow along modern methods of education. The work of Mr. Merl Tyng, the young Chinese teacher, especially is to be commended. His mastery of both Chinese and English makes him a drawing card and his loyalty to Christian truth makes him a most desirable member of the night school class. Pastor Chan continues teaching the principles of Christianity and reports a number of young men almost ready to become Christians.

The day school under the auspices of the Woman's Home Mission Society is doing its usual excellent work. The

clinic under the same direction is well stocked with medicines and equipped for treatment for both women and children."

His Country

BY MARY COMSTOCK

The class of Russians, young men who are studying, and hope to return to Russia to preach the gospel, is to me one of my most encouraging classes in English. Every student is ambitious to learn. Nothing is too difficult. The men want to study American history and learn about our country. And they are so appreciative. Many a time I have gone to my class fatigued in body, but the fatigue passes away and I am refreshed in body and spirit because I love my work. They pray for me continually.

And then my Syrian Class. A whole family! With them time is no object. They have such a strong desire to be Americans.

Then I might speak of the two lovely Spanish girls who have just come from Lima, Peru.

Surely Americanization is the interpretation of America to the foreign-born in terms of his own experience, that he may express his loyalty for this, his country.

Securing Points of Contact

"I had an experience recently which will live in memory," writes a colporteur missionary from Colorado. "A family moved from Kansas to the 'dry-land' district, eighty-six miles south of this point. Their baby took seriously ill and being practically without funds and strangers they were at a loss to know what to do. They were not contented with the opinion of the physician there and wanted someone from our town. The suggestion was made by a neighbor that they call the Baptist missionary. Our doctor said he would have to charge eighty dollars to make the trip. Realizing that this amount was beyond the reach of the parents I asked the doctor if he would do all he could for the child if I went for him. He said 'sure.' The plan worked perfectly. We brought the child and his parents to our house where they remained ten days. The child recovered fully. The man has changed from a dormant to an active worker for the kingdom in his neighborhood. This contact has enabled me to open up an entirely new community. This father thinks that he can find enough Baptists to start an organization later. I stayed in his dugout lately and it did me good to hear him pray."

Only faith, prayer, and hard work can bring us to victory.

Jesus said, "I am the light of the world." Is he yours?

Chat About Some of the New Books

The last few years have seen a greatly enlarged interest in Reading Contests of various kinds as carried on in the local church. The educative value of a course of missionary and religious reading, systematically carried on year after year, can hardly be exaggerated. Most well-equipped churches at the present time have a Church Lending or Circulating Library, for the purpose of furthering the reading of books that get scant notice in the ordinary bookstore or library. Several such have come to MISSIONS' book table during the summer.

"The Argonaut of Faith," by Basil Mathews, is one of the recent issues of the George H. Doran Company (Interchurch Press, New York City). It is an exceedingly readable account of the adventures of the Mayflower Pilgrims. The adventures of the Pilgrims in England, in Holland, on the sea, and in the Plymouth Colony are told in spirited and picturesque language. The tercentenary of the Pilgrims will make many people eager to refresh an old acquaintance with the immortal story of the Pilgrim Fathers. The present volume will interest young and old alike, and ought to have a very wide reading.

Harper & Brothers publish the story of "Johnny Appleseed," by Eleanor Atkinson. The romance of the pilgrim is hardly greater than that of this humble sower of apple orchards, who followed the wilderness trail into the frontier. Wherever he went apple blossoms gladdened the hearts, and apples brought comfort and pleasure to the rude fire-sides of the earliest settlers in the Middle West. It is good for our children to know the story of this quiet apostle of beauty and social service, now almost forgotten.

One of the important books put out by the Association Press during the last year is "The Missionary Outlook in the Light of the War," being the report of the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook, which was constituted by joint action of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the Wartime Commission of the Churches. The report was prepared by a special subcommittee, of which Dr. Robert E. Speer was chairman. This committee utilized the work of those best qualified by experience and service to write authoritatively. The resulting volume is a treasury of facts invaluable to those who are following with interest the advance of the Christian religion throughout the world. No more significant or thoughtful book than the present volume could be put into the hands of a pastor. On another page will be found an extended quotation from the section of the report dealing with the new influences which

the war has brought among Oriental women.

One of the study books for the coming year is that issued by the Interchurch Press, entitled, "The Near-East Cross Roads of the World." This book is the more apt to be overlooked by Baptists since we have no missions in the Near East, but no one who wishes to have an intelligent understanding of the present time can afford to be ignorant of the developments which have occurred during the last decade in the nations adjacent to and surrounding the Mediterranean. The breakup of the Turkish Empire, the vast changes wrought in Mesopotamia, the new life surging into the Holy Land, and the changed conditions surrounding Christian Missions in the Near East, all receive consideration in this intensely interesting and valuable study. The value of the book is enhanced by brief but exceedingly well-chosen bibliography.

Everybody loved Mrs. Bainbridge's "Helping the Helpless in Lower New York." Her new book, "Jewels from the Orient," is sure to be equally popular. Years ago Mrs. Bainbridge took an extended journey around the world, during which she visited many notable institutions and saw at first hand the kind of work done by the Protestant denominations throughout the Orient. The present sketches are made up from the fascinating pages of her diary. The book introduces you to an old pilgrim from over the mountains, to a pretty and strong-minded Japanese widow, to a Chinese leader of Devil Worship, and to many other interesting and living persons. The stories are brief and well adapted for reading aloud or for telling to Sunday school classes and young people's societies. Mrs. Bainbridge is a born storyteller. This is not so much a book as a series of delightful conversations. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

George H. Doran Company publishes a remarkable study of the raising of Lazarus, by Rev. J. D. Jones, D. D., entitled, "The Lord of Life and Death." The volume is one of the best possible examples of expository handling of the Scriptures. Step by step we are led through that overwhelming eleventh chapter of John, and as we follow the Lord of Life and Death as he moves through the calm and unhurried pages of the narrative, the conviction deepens that he spoke the words of truth and soberness when he said, "I am the resurrection and the life." Dr. Jones has brooded over the story in all its wealth of implications until he is able, out of the richness of his own meditations, to enrich the faith of every Christian who opens the volume.

The Macmillan Company has put out a recent translation from the French entitled, "Armenia and the Armenians" (\$1.25). The writer, Kevork Aslan, paints with sure, broad touches the story of the Armenian people from the earliest times to the present. Those who knew or cared little about the Armenians are at this time watching with painful intensity the present-day tragedy of Armenia. No nation has so touched the heart of America as has this martyr nation. But it is necessary not only to touch the heart but to inform the intelligence and arouse the conscience of the American people, if the extermination of an ancient and Christian nation is to be averted.

The number of books so written as to interest children in missionary matters is fortunately increasing from year to year. The Interchurch Press has just published one of the best examples of the modern missionary book for children, entitled, "Fez and Turban Tales," by Isabel M. Blake. The book consists of a series of attractively printed stories about the boys and girls of the lands surrounding the Mediterranean. It is enlivened with spirited illustrations and written with such vitality and understanding of the child's point of view that it will be exceedingly difficult to use it as a study book. Any boy or girl who begins it will want to finish it at one sitting. The children who read books like this are having the seeds of a true and broad internationalism planted all unconsciously in the soil of their hearts.

There is no question but what the greatest social problems of the present day center about industrial relations; hence there is a special interest attaching to the discussion of the relations between the Christian Church and Labor which David Carnegie has made in his recent book entitled, "Can Church and Industry Unite?" While conditions in England differ in many respects from those in America, the underlying principles which must govern any industrial organization are the same in the two countries. The Christian Church in the United States has much to learn in the study of the attitude and experiences of the churches of Great Britain. The book contains not only a brief survey of present day conditions in Great Britain and the United States and Canada, but also a discussion of the church's warrant for action in industry, and the author's contribution toward the solution of the problem, how the church and industry can unite. Says the author, "The Church of Christ must recognize that the industrial warfare and social unrest are world-wide, that the causes are deep-rooted, and that nothing but the power of God exercised through his consecrated and courageous servants can remove the causes."

Short-Handedness in the Telugu Mission

BY REV. F. P. MANLEY, OF NELLORE

THE Annual Report of the Telugu Mission in South India for 1918 shows that there were then eight less missionaries for the Telugu country than there were ten years previously. For at least that long there has been a steady decline in the staffing of this important field. The situation at the present moment is more acute by far than even the figures above indicate. Having spent my term of service in the Southern Association of our mission I am able to speak with some intimacy of conditions there, which, I believe, are fairly representative of the whole mission. In the space at my disposal I must confine my remarks to the work of the general society (The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society) with no reference to the women's board. The cause of short-handedness is not discussed as there are those at home better able to explain this than one as far from the base of supply as is the missionary on service. What follows is merely an attempt to show in a vivid way that short-handedness does exist in an acute form.

In the Southern Association of Telugu Baptist Churches there are positions normally requiring the employment of ten male missionaries; i. e. seven mission stations and three institutions. One position filled by a business manager is omitted from the count not because it lacks missionary importance but because this man belongs to the whole mission and cannot be called on for any of the needs mentioned below. To do these ten jobs there are at present four men. To weigh the situation thus created we must look in some detail at the men and the positions. There are four men. Of these, three are in charge of the three institutions and *one man is left for the seven mission stations*. Six bungalows out of seven, each designed for the occupation of a missionary and his family, are vacant. Of course one man cannot be adequate for so great a responsibility because these seven stations cover an area of 4,390 square miles, with a population of 902,000. There are 21 organized churches with 4,178 members, 62 Sunday schools with an enrolment of 3,681. Worship is regularly conducted in 61 places, and there are 65 primary schools with 2,000 pupils. The reader may say that to state such a problem is to show it largely solved for where there is such a body of Christian people and so many churches the need of foreign help must be a thing of the past; the work will surely go on without our attention. For such a one it should be said that not one of the 21 churches is entirely self-supporting and that in at least 90 per cent

of the places where worship is regularly conducted it is by mission-paid workers. We have with great labor set before an uneducated and desperately poor people a model system which they are not able to keep in order or even in motion unaided. The one general missionary, Rev. W. S. Davis, of Allur, cannot attend to this already organized work, let alone go out after the 215 Hindus and Mohammedans who are to be found for each of the little company of Christians.

The burden must be divided and the men in charge of institutions must take a share. Let us glance at their ability to do this. There is Rev. W. E. Boggs, in charge of the Seminary at Ramapatnam. This is a work that has long been estimated to need two or three men instead of one. It is the heart and hope of the entire Telugu Mission to the whole of which it must minister. It is beyond the range of the possible to divert much of Mr. Boggs' time from his immediate task. Rev. S. D. Bawden is in charge of the great Industrial Settlement in Kavali. Here nearly 2,000 representatives of three tribes of professional criminals have been forcibly assembled by the Indian Government. This has been done to reform them if possible, at any rate to prevent their depredations and to reclaim the children. Our mission volunteered to take charge of them and add to all other disciplinary and saving influences the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We are responsible to these poor people and to the government and cannot ask very much of Mr. Bawden's time for the more general missionary enterprise. One other man remains, Rev. L. C. Smith, the principal of the Coles-Ackerman Memorial High School for boys in Nellore. There are about 750 pupils in this school and a staff of about forty teachers. Moreover, this school has been committed to a great industrial enterprise in accordance with which the government has helped us get fourteen acres of choice land adjacent to the school and very large areas in the surrounding country for the working out of a plan of industrial improvement in the whole community. Mr. Smith also has the arduous task of secretary to the Reference Committee of the Mission. All of these men, in addition to what might be called their legitimate duties, are making a splendid effort to meet the heart-breaking need to the limit of human strength.

Splendid as is the effort which these four men are making, they are after all but four and cannot do the work of ten. There is, for instance, an element of difficulty which the friends at home do not appreciate. As it struck me in a

weak spot I may be permitted to tell my experience. I was in charge of the Boys' High School above referred to. In addition to this it became necessary for me to take the Nellore field and station and the adjoining station and field of Allur, three jobs. This gave me a responsibility covering the high school, two mission stations, 25 village schools with 667 pupils, 12 churches, 27 places of regular worship, 1,667 church-members scattered through a population of 342,000 and distributed over a thousand square miles. There was a chance for an ambitious young chap to spread himself and show what he could do. In this exceptional range of opportunity it will be instructive to observe what activities are indispensable, the *sine qua non* of missionary responsibility. In my experience this has appeared to be business management. While a necessary task this is not normally an embarrassing burden, but let the number of jobs given to one man increase and we soon find the tail wagging the dog. The accounts, records, official correspondence, upkeep of property, and similar details of an unescapable nature connected with the high school, the village schools, the Nellore and Allur fields and stations took an alarmingly large part of my time. In an old and highly organized mission such as this the abnormal enlargement of one worker's responsibility rapidly multiplies his clerical tasks and correspondingly reduces his ability to attend to the essentially missionary aspects of his work. He becomes confined to his office. A sidelight on the situation is the common reproach of the older converts that the modern missionary has lost the old evangelistic zeal.

They remember the early missionary with a great field for preaching, but neither organization nor institutions.

For my own part let one detail suggest many. The hope of the kingdom of God in India is the young men in our schools. The enlistment of these in kingdom enterprises is a vital necessity the urgency of which cannot be overstated. There is but one method which succeeds; the missionary must mingle freely with the students, must know them and let them become acquainted with him until they catch the vision which burns in his soul. They must feel in him the glory and the irresistible enticement of the great calling. They will never catch this from a man who has his nose to an office grindstone. Neither lectures nor printed matter will replace the personal touch, and a missionary who spends most of his time in a revolving chair cannot expect to inspire young men to go out on the sun-baked highways. Because of executive burdens I could not reach the students under my care. With the deepest sense of irreparable loss I was compelled to see class after class graduate

with no contribution of manhood to the great Cause.

The present shortage of workers has left individual missionaries with large areas and great populations. It must not be overlooked that there is an essential difference between such a situation existing now and the circumstances in which a pioneer starting *de novo* finds himself. The pioneer's responsibility will be in proportion to himself. This is not the case in such a condition as now exists in the Telugu field. Here the responsibility of one man today is in terms of the ability and development of many with years at their disposal. To be specific, in my own experience it was not the great unreached masses that weighed upon my mind day and night. It was the scattered flock of 1,600 believers and the twelve churches; as Paul expressed the climax of his distresses, "There is that which presseth upon me daily, anxiety for all the churches." We know that an uncared-for church in Christian and civilized America cannot survive long. How much more critical is the condition of an Indian church! The members are poor and ignorant beyond the remotest imagination of one who has not seen them. They are drawn from the despised and unprotected strata of society. The odds against them are, in our area, 215 to one. There are 215 non-Christians, often of the higher and controlling classes and often hostile to each of the scattered Christians. Let one instance set your imagination to work. From beyond Podalakur, twenty miles across the jungle, there came repeated calls for help. There were three or four Christians in an isolated group. It had been years since a missionary had visited them. Only one of them could read even a little. Yet they had maintained spiritual vitality. The Hindu priests and the whole community were pressing them to contribute to Hindu worship at various festivals. The power of boycott made their pressure almost irresistible. It was never possible for me to go to their help. Larger groups with more insistent needs claimed my days. Without a motor-car the briefest visit would have required the better part of three days.

In Rebala, ten miles west of Nellore, a church was organized about fifteen years ago. The church books show some 250 names at the time of organization. The intermediate history is largely unknown to me, but I do know that in recent years it has received little missionary attention. When I realized something of the circumstances I examined the church rolls and found not one addition to the church in any form in all the years of its history. Nor was this the least serious sign. The result of many efforts to assemble the members never produced a larger group than

ten. The members had reverted or lost interest. The churches in the more distant rural parts of this field are losing ground. The cause can be directly traced to insufficient missionary supervision and help. Let the loss be estimated in terms of the wealth, the life, and the sacrifice it has cost to make the organization of these churches possible. Rather measure it against our faith in the church's glorious destiny and the kingdom of God on earth!

The reader is requested to turn back to the second paragraph of this paper and read it again. When a great and richly promising work organized through many years about a minimum staff of ten male missionaries is made the responsibility of four men a cruel burden is placed on them, one that crushes mind and body. From the point of view of the kingdom of God a situation is created which is not only unstatesmanlike but actually and acutely disastrous. The one solution of the difficulty is the enlistment of men.

EPIDEMIC OF CHOLERA IN WEST CHINA

A very severe epidemic of cholera is reported at Chungking, with hundreds dying daily. I thought it might be wise to try to prevent some of its terrible ravages here, so I wrote to the British Consul offering advice to the city authorities. Yesterday I was invited by the head of the foreign office of this province and the commission of police to a consultation with them over the epidemic sure to come. There were present Dr. Allan, of C. M. M., and both French doctors of the Pasteur Institute. We talked nearly two hours and the police are now placarding the city with thousands of notices based on one written by me to the consul.

Think how important all this is—this immense city and tremendous surrounding population are in most imminent peril—mortality over fifty per cent. These officials called on us to advise them and they accepted our advice. It was a glorious opportunity, for they recognize our ways are best. What a field we have here for a medical school; nearly 100,000,000 people, and we have the only medical school, except a very inferior one run by military authorities. We are here where plague and epidemic and pestilences begin—right at the source of these perils. Think what it means to be in at the spot where one can effectively stamp out the beginning. What an opportunity and what a responsibility. Were Asiatic cholera entering San Francisco the American nation would spend millions gladly to stop it, but here, for hundreds or thousands we can kill the trouble before it can raise its head away from home. If only this tremendous chance were known and realized at home surely the necessary men and money

would pour in. We realize our position and we are doing what we can with an inadequate force and little money, but we have the courage of our convictions, have faith in our students, our school, in you to help our cause conquer. In a very real and practical way we are touching the core of the matter—we are putting our pupils and schools to a very real test and we'll win out.

There is fighting going on now to drive out the Yunnanese and Kweichow troops and I have volunteered to take out a party of Red Cross workers. I hope there will not be need but I am glad to go if necessary.—*Extract from letter of Dr. W. R. Morse, June 3, 1920.*

According to Thy Will

When I would have gone,
"Stay," God commanded me.
When I would have wrought,
"Rest," God commanded me.

The Lord knoweth all the hidden thoughts of my heart,
And daily he bringeth to naught my purposes, saying me nay.

Now, when I would stay,
"Go," God commanded me.
Now, when I would rest,
"Work," God commanded me.

The Lord frustrateth all my desires.
Ah! the clouds of doubt cover me deep;
The storm-billows sport with my soul.

O Lord, my Lord,
Now know I thee almighty.
Oh, teach thou me,
And use me as thou wilt.

Let me hasten my journey, treading
always in thy steps!
So may it be, O Christ, my Lord.
But oh, when shall my task be ended,
And I may lean on thy bosom, and be
at rest?

The late lamented Dr. C. K. Harrington, himself a poet, shortly before his death sent this note with the translation. The above is a translation of a poem appearing in the *Kirisutokyoho*, or *Christian Reporter*, the organ of the Baptist churches of Japan. The *Kirisutokyoho* is a twelve-page weekly. Its editor is Prof. Tateo Takahashi, a member of the faculty of our Theological Seminary. Its columns are filled with matter of real interest and value. Shihozawa, the author of the above poem, is a frequent contributor in verse. The name, Shihozawa, may be a *nom de plume*, though a Japanese acquaintance assures me it is intended for the writer's real name. The translation given is almost literal. It is impossible, however, to preserve the full flavor and color of the original.

A Model Welcome to a New Field

AMONG the newly appointed missionaries going out to the foreign field this year are Mr. and Mrs. Cecil G. Fielder, who go to Assam to engage in the kind of student work that has been done with such unexampled success by Doctor and Mrs. Witter at Gauhati. We are permitted to publish the following letter of welcome sent by Dr. and Mrs. Witter to the newcomers. It is a model of its class, and characteristic, as the host of friends of the Witters will see. No wonder the Assamese students love the Witters and their home, and are led to the feet of Jesus, the master teacher of the world. Mr. Fielder was with Secretary Robbins at headquarters for a period, and accompanied him on his tour of the mission fields. He and his wife are especially adapted to carry on the peculiar work to which they have given themselves—a work requiring intimate knowledge and experience of Christianity, dialectic skill, and infinite patience and tact, with the substratum of appealing personality on which success depends. Here is the royal welcome accorded them:

DEAR MR. AND MRS. FIELDER:

We have learned with pleasure through our son Ted, and now through Dr. Robbins, of your glad anticipations of coming to this wonderfully interesting and fascinating work for the college and law and postal and telegraph and high-school students of Gauhati. To Mrs. Witter and myself it seems that no more interesting work could be found in all the world. We hope you may enjoy the work as much as we have always enjoyed it. The young men have come in such numbers to us from the first, and been so pleased to come, and we have enjoyed their openness and sense of gratitude and willingness to be taught by us, and eagerness to learn about our faith and to read our Book of books. Their enjoyment in reading it and the effect it has been having upon them in giving them an entirely new outlook on life has been an exceeding joy. We are glad that one of you has seen the work for a bit, and the place, and so know what you are coming to. We sincerely hope you may have many years of good health and from the first have a growing joy in the work.

You have the very warmest welcome possible from both of us awaiting you, and we want you to feel absolutely free to enter upon the work in your own way. We are not the kind of people who set or wish to set standards for others to follow. Each individual must work in his own harness and by so doing reach his highest efficiency, and this is the principle upon which we hope you will feel yourselves placed from the very first

day of your arrival. If our health permits, and we can be of any help to you for a few weeks or months or a year or two, while you are studying the language and getting adjusted, we would be willing and glad to be of such assistance; but, on the other hand, should you prefer to be alone and take the work from the start entirely under your own control, your wishes in the matter will be ours. We have prayed and prayed for some couple to come for this work. We accept you as the answer to these many prayers. We accept you as God's sent ones for this particular work. We do this with no mental reservations. We welcome you. We hope in a few months to prove our welcome as genuine as our statement in cold type would lead you to anticipate.

We wish you might bring with you a motorcycle or a Ford, unless you prefer tennis for your exercise. We have a pony and American buggy, which for us has been indispensable. This has made possible a daily morning drive, without which we could not possibly have kept up to the work. I hope for your sakes you will be provided with whatever may be best for you in this direction. All good books suited to interest young men eager for knowledge of western lands, their literature, customs, philosophies, poetry, history, written in simple and fascinating style, will be eagerly read here, and cause you to rejoice in its effect upon the lives and characters of these young men. Commentaries and encyclopedias and one or two good dictionaries in English will be of great help. Our dictionaries are old and worn and in daily use. There should be new ones. Some best commentaries will be very useful. Stereopticon outfit with numerous slides of the right sort you will find most useful and a very fine drawing card. Of course you know all these things, but the mention of them may be of advantage. Some device for duplicating rapidly notices of lectures and appointments, etc., we hope you will be able to bring, as we have nothing of the sort, and with the Hostel with its fine auditorium soon to be completed there will be a call for such announcements and invitations, for which some good machine well suited to such duplicating work will be a necessity. Good maps and charts will be of advantage. If there are those who would donate fine pictures of statuary—statues of a few great men like Lincoln, Gladstone—pictures of great historic characters, English and American, men and women who have lived greatly and left their marks by way of character building—even a few such for the Hostel would be of advantage. Not a single thing that is good for young men any-

where will you find wanting in beneficial effects upon the young men here. Dr. Cross, of Rochester Theological Seminary, said he found no more interesting young men anywhere, and said they seemed very superior to the young men he had met with in some of his travels elsewhere. But you, having had the rare privilege of the world tour of missions, probably know and realize more than I do the many things that you will find of tremendous advantage to you. We are so glad you are coming. We possibly may not open the Hostel until you arrive. You may be sure that from the day of your arrival your hands and hearts will be full to the limit. Yours ever in His love and work,

W. E. and M. B. WITTER.

Some Idea of the Work at Gauhati

The following notes from letters give some idea of the Witters' busy life, and of the work into which the Fielders are going:

Our list of young men is today 851. I mean different young men coming from once or twice to every day week after week. We are certainly changing the life of the province. Wonderful letters from our boys—one last evening from 'way across India in the Punjab.

Every day without exception has its incidents of peculiar interest in our dealings with these alert young men whose studies are throwing them off from all spiritual anchorage. Mr. Dahlby offered to come over from the Blancs, where he is now staying while studying Assamese, and remain from twelve to one o'clock noon, to let us have a little rest when we would not feel any responsibility. So he has had his hands full tackling a law student of very philosophical mind. He has had some very deep arguments, and I have been glad to have him meet just this sort of questions, so that he could get a better idea of what we have to come up against day after day. I cannot begin to tell you of the puzzlers he puts.

One day after this law boy had left, another boy who has been reading the Bible with him, and who is learning typewriting, stopped and when we were alone, said: "I have been reading the life of Mohammed and of Jesus Christ, and I find that the last of Mohammed's life was spoiled, but in Jesus I find no sin. *I believe in Jesus!*" (For talking about Christianity this boy was turned out of his boarding-house.) Mrs. Witter introduced him to Hussain, a boy asking for baptism and long under test, "that we may be very sure he is fully understanding that the rite does not save but is simply the symbol of the glorious fact of new life in Christ already begun." After standing the test of weeks, he was accepted for baptism. Dr. Witter writes: "Such a beautiful baptismal service

yesterday in the Brahmaputra of Hus-sain. The other one, who was turned out of his boarding-place, was present, both at the church service before the baptism and then took the hand of the boy to be baptized and marched to the river and stood by him there, and placing his hand on his heart afterwards told Mrs. Witter that it made a deep feeling in there. He came to our station prayer-meeting yesterday and said he wanted to be baptized as soon as we could arrange to do it. He came to learn typewriting. He has found Jesus thereby and will be baptized immediately we return from Darjeeling. We did not intend leaving at all, but our friends and Secretary Tuttle have finally persuaded us that we owe it to God and to you to get away for a little, as our life is so very strenuous. Not a moment to ourselves from the time we arise in the morning until after dinner, when we are nearly prostrated with weariness because of the constant giving out all day long every day without exception.

"Another boy, who has been coming only a little while, has taken some of our pamphlet books home to read and he has asked me to send for some of them, including two Assamese books, one the Gospel of Luke and the other 'Line Upon Line,' and one 'The Transcendence of Jesus.' He says he wants to send them to his home village for some of his friends there to read. Is not it interesting to see how this teaching that we give here in our bungalow spreads and spreads just as it did in the days of the apostles by one telling another and that other another and so on? We are so happy in the work. We thank God continually for this rare privilege which is consuming our lives in the best service in all the world."

A Mother's Recompense

Venkatamah is one of our caste converts. Thirty years ago she lived in a small village about sixty miles south of Mahbubnagar, and was a devout Hindu, eager to perform every rite required by the Hindu gods, and thus work out her own salvation. She was kind and hospitable, thereby gaining merit which would help her to attain a higher state in the future life. Her husband, who was a farmer, was suddenly stricken with cholera and died, leaving Venkatamah with her two little boys to support. She had to go into the fields to work, but despite hardships she found time to listen to stories of the Hindu gods, and also the story of Jesus Christ and heaven, told by two converts of her village. As soon as she had fully grasped the wonderful story she did not hesitate to throw aside the Hindu tales and cling to the beautiful life of love as shown forth in Jesus. So she became a secret believer.

Not long after this a man named Thimmireddy, a Christian *munsiff* (village official), became acquainted with Venkatamah and wished to marry her. In spite of opposition she left her home, after her children had been taken from her by her elder brother, and came to Mahbubnagar, where she was baptized by Mr. Chute and married to Thimmireddy. After two years she was filled with such a longing to see her children that she went back to her village and



VENKATAMAH AND HER SONS

found them in a terrible condition. The brother who had maltreated them was so angry that, by false accusation, he had Venkatamah brought before the Gudval Rajah, who sentenced her to seven years' imprisonment. Mr. and Mrs. Chute intervened, and sent for a pleader from Hyderabad, who after his arrival refuted many of the charges and threatened to expose the Rajah for misconducting the trial. Feeling was so intense that Venkatamah and her children were sent away in the night by cart to the nearest British territory. They arrived in Kurnool next day, and from there went to Secunderabad, where she stayed in the mission compound for four years. When two years later Mr. and Mrs. Chute returned from furlough they found the case was still unsettled, and so brought it before the British Resident, who issued a warrant that Venkatamah and her children were not subject to punishment by the Rajah. Then with her children Venkatamah returned to Mahbubnagar, where she has done splendid work as matron of the boys and as a Bible woman. Although she is getting old, her love for her Saviour does not grow dim, and every day with the other Bible women, she tells the story of his wonderful love and

sacrifice as she goes to the bazaars and villages.

The two sons who were taken from her are Bhimareddy, who is now a faithful preacher in one of the out-stations, and Thimmareddy, accountant in a government office in Mahbubnagar and superintendent of our Sunday school. The third son, David, who was born in Mahbubnagar, is headmaster of the Mission Anglo-Vernacular Middle School. He has studied through the sophomore year of Madras Christian College. Last year he married the daughter of the pastor of the Mahbubnagar church. All the sons are earnest Christians, and giving good testimony of their love in faithful service. Such are the fruits of a mother's consecration.

Death of a Valued Worker

A letter from Mrs. Susie A. Houser, of Turrialba Training School at Turrialba, Costa Rica, Central America, brings news of the death of Rev. T. N. Brown, head of the school and of a work of much interest. He was a leader in Central American mission work. Born in Jamaica in 1870, he was educated in Kingston by such missionary teachers as Rev. J. D. East and Rev. James Balfour, of Calabar College. After a brilliant college career he was graduated at the head of his class in the theological department. While pastor for more than twelve years of the historic Baptist church at Annotto Bay he also took high position in educational and social affairs, being a member of the town school board and of the board of managers of the Cooperative Loan Bank. In 1911, the Jamaica Baptist Union sent him as a delegate to the Baptist World Alliance meeting in Philadelphia, and he made many friends in the United States at that time. In 1917 he began his work as general superintendent of missions for Central America under the Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention, and from the first won the confidence and esteem of those for whom he labored by his upright and devout life. With headquarters at Turrialba he ministered to six preaching out-stations, holding services in both English and Spanish, besides directing the flourishing elementary schools connected with each of the six churches. The training school is the most promising fruit of his labors. Founded and managed by him, it has the distinction of being the only English secondary school in Costa Rica, and government sanction was granted solely on account of the high respect in which Mr. Brown was held by the Catholic officials in power. Members of all classes of society expressed deepest sorrow at his passing. He was an honor to his race, and the memory of his loving service will long remain in Costa Rica.

Realities

Selected from Annual Report of Christian Americanization Secretaries

PROMOTION OF INTEREST

It has been very gratifying to have the official investigator for allowances to mothers tell me that she has been to a home where one of our volunteers is teaching and has found the mother's English very much improved. I was especially glad to get such a report of the work of one of our volunteers who does piecework in a factory all day, keeps her own home, and still finds time to go Monday nights to teach a Slovak woman. I lost no time in letting this good woman know how much her work is appreciated.

A friend of mine who is teaching in the home economics department of the university invited some of my Slovak friends to teach one of her classes how to prepare a Slovak luncheon. The *Farm Review* printed an account of this pleasant event. All this is promoting interest in our Americanization work.—*Edna Bowler.*

CUSTOMERS

How do we get our foreign-born women? Most have been a friend of some other woman who was being taught. I shall never forget one amusing experience. I had finished giving an English lesson to a Russian Jewess, who is twenty-seven years old, has been married eight years and has seven children, the oldest seven years and the baby seven months. This woman said: "There is nothing in life I want so much as to be able to read and write." She speaks English quite well. As I was leaving, she said: "Do you want any more customers?"

"Customers?" I replied. I wasn't selling anything and was a little slow in getting her meaning. Then all at once I knew she meant pupils, and she told me of two of her friends. This has been our most successful method of establishing contacts in St. Paul. Our workers have been enthusiastic and "customers" have come.—*Erminie Broadstone.*

MOTIVE BEHIND INDUSTRY

Our next stop will be at another tenement where we shall find a mother and three children in a tiny two-room apartment. Our knock is answered by a tired voice from within and as we open the door we find a woman who has seen better days, sitting at a table stringing beads. Her face lights up as she greets us and the little girl smiles shyly and hides behind her mother. The beads are laid aside and we take up our lesson. We discover in her eagerness to learn the language, our pupil has been copying page after page from

a Hungarian-English dictionary into her note-book. We learn that there is a motive behind this woman's industry, for she is hoping to secure better work through her increased knowledge of English, in order to support her three children. She is physically unfit to do heavy work and what she is doing pays only enough money to keep bread on the table. It is such people as she who need our love and encouragement.—*Mary Comstock.*

HE KNEW

In the same block, a poor, cowed, little Russian woman looked at us with one eye decorated with an inch-wide roll of purplish green all around. We could almost see the size and print of the fist which made it. The four children cordially welcomed us with grins from coal-grimed mouths, but the baby merely tugged away on his empty pacifier. The oldest boy, in third grade, being much interested in the "Well Baby Primer" which he carried, read with accuracy and dispatch: "We bathe the well baby each day."

Up spoke little sister, "We don't."—*Naomi Fletcher.*

PICTURE THE DISTRICT

How can I picture this great, needy district of mine? But here goes—for I'm going to try.

The delegates from Bisby, in the southeast portion of the State, were two days getting to Globe, in the central portion of the State and made five changes. One woman who drove in her own car from another section, over mountain roads, had, beside ordinary convention expenses, an auto bill of \$96. The Clifton delegates came by way of New Mexico or transferred over a forty-six-mile stage line. I went to Clifton by one route and came back by another, so I know what it cost, either way, in dollars and strength. The stage fee was \$5.96.—*N. Mabel Hall.*

"MY NEIGHBOR TAUGHT ME"

One of the efforts first learned of in Christian neighborly was that of a consecrated Baptist woman of Yakima, Washington. She became interested in her Russian-German neighbor across the street. She called upon her and asked her neighbor to return the call. The Russian-German woman in telling her experience in becoming "Americanized" said:

"When my neighbor invited me to her house I went, for I had never been in an American home and wanted to see what it looked like.

Then she taught me many words and I said to her, 'May I come over every day and steal one American word, and at the end of the year I will know 365 American words?' Then she told me of my Saviour and I was so happy about him I wanted to tell my people about him. We have a little colony of Russian-Germans a mile south of Yakima. I went to them and told them how Americans live and told the women they do not treat their children like American women; they scream and swear at them and they must stop, and some of them stopped. Then I told them they must dress their babies and little girls like American girls, to teach them to be modest, and I showed them how to make the clothes. Then I tell them of my wonderful Saviour and what he did for me and I ask them to make him their Saviour too, and some did and now we have a little Russian-German mission down there, and it was the American lady, my neighbor, who taught me of Jesus."—*Mrs. Alonzo S. Petty.*

MAN OUR CHURCHES

But to what church shall we take this young, well-educated, high-born couple? The nearest Baptist church is pastorless because the American members have moved away, and there seemed no way to support a minister to work among the few Americans who did remain. But the foreigners are crowding in and we must *Man Our Churches* in order to *Church Our Men*. Precious fruit has been thrown into our hands and we do not know what to do with it.

The young Russian mother was the first woman in Pittsburgh to sign a volunteer service card when the Americanization secretary was seeking for women to teach English to the new Americans.—*Mrs. E. Paul Smith.*

THE SECRET

All successful volunteers must be:

1. Optimists.
2. Lovers of their fellow-men (a love for just "folks").
3. Ready and able to meet the other person half-way or more.
4. One who gets the other fellow's point of view and is quick to act accordingly (in other words, has tact).
5. Absolutely sincere.
6. Filled with deep seriousness of purpose (not necessarily accompanied by gravity of demeanor).
7. Sensible.
8. Able to put his thought over to others.

Complete reports are published in "Ocean to Ocean" (price 25 cents), supplement to Annual Report of the W. A. B. H. M. S.

Kachin Christian Women

BY HULDA K. SMITH

I WANT to tell you about our Kachin women. When the suggestion was made that the women of Burma join with the women of America in the Jubilee Thank-Offering, I brought the subject up at the woman's meeting of our Bhamo Association. I must confess I had hardly nerve enough to ask these women of the jungle to give money to send to America, out of their poverty, and suggested to the leader a small sum which I thought might be raised. She interpreted and explained the object of the fund, and though they have need of all the money they can raise, right in their own field, and America is nothing more than a hazy notion of a land of marvelous riches to most of them, they raised 151 rupees to send to you. When I sent the money to Mrs. Tribolet, at Mandalay, who is collecting the fund during Miss Parrott's absence in England, she wrote me that my cheque was the very first cash she had received in reply to her letter, and that she surely thought my Kachin women had done nobly.

The women have put into my hands nearly 400 rupees to be used as need arises either in educational or evangelistic work. This is money they have raised among themselves and brought to the association, the sheaves of their toil, given in love and gratitude to the Lord who freed them from the bonds of sin and fear of *Nats* (evil spirits).

Few of our women at home can realize the lives of toil and poverty these women lead. They are the burden bearers, the field laborers, and general producers in Kachinland. They rise before daylight, pound their paddy, carry wood and water, cook the family rice, then do whatever field work is in season, or carry heavy baskets to market, spinning yarn as they go. In their spare moments they sit outside the house in the sun, weaving garments of the most picturesque and often artistic designs.

Oh, the costumes we saw at association! And the weather was cloudy and dark nearly all the time, so I couldn't get a picture.

Let me tell you of two of our women workers. One of them, Ma Lu, has been teaching a village school for something like fifteen years. The school takes in children from a radius of twenty miles or more, including about five villages (They are not thick in the hills). She has the whole financial responsibility of the school. No fees are charged, as it is hard enough to make the elder Kachins (heathen only) see the need of education for their children. She has several helpers whom she pays regular wages, but when she settles up she has nothing left for herself and often finds

that her husband's slender salary of \$10.00 per month is sadly cut into for books, curry stuff, and often clothing for the school children. She does all this gladly, and thinks nothing at all of it; in fact, would be rather surprised if anyone told her she was doing a noble, heroic work. The boy in school at Mandalay, who was such a fine example of what Christ can do for even the most ignorant devil worshipper, and who got us interested in the Kachins, was a convert from her school.

But her faithful service has not gone unrewarded. Though she works with no thought of recompense, or recognition, this year at a durbar held at Sinlum by the commissioner of the district, she was honored by the government with special mention and the gift of a silver watch with an inscription. The pastor's wife at Sinlum, whose life of service is a counterpart of Ma Lu's, shared with her the public recognition and received the same gift from the British Government; and they will go on, these faithful souls, spreading the light of the gospel among their needy people, rejoicing over every victory won, until they shall at last be called to receive the crown surely laid up for them.

The Kachins are moving on in the right direction. This year they are asking for an Anglo-Vernacular School at Bhamo. So far they have only had vernacular schools. They are ready to support it on the basis of the Karen schools, and they surely deserve to have it. The few who have attained an English education have been such wonderful successes and remained so loyal and true to their Lord, and have shown such zeal in working for the welfare of their own people, that we feel a great future lies before them as a race, if they can be speedily brought under the influence of Christ. They are also asking for a Theological Seminary, with Dr. Hansen to have charge of it. We need teachers and preachers. Many villages are calling for them.

Now I will not weary you any longer, but just want to ask you, when you pray for a definite work or workers, remember your Kachin coworkers here in the Bhamo field.

The Industrial Problem and Christianity

It is proposed to open in Moulmein under the management of our Society a school of industrial and mechanical trades. We will endeavor to teach boys who have only a primary education some useful trade while those who have a fair knowledge and have entered high school will be trained to become foremen, con-

tractors, and leaders in modern industrial life.

The character of the school will be thoroughly Christian. Its aim will be the building of Christian character and the systematic training of the pupils in the theory and practice of the trades so that they may be skilled journeymen or rise to positions of industrial leadership. A wealthy Buddhist gave impetus to the scheme by guaranteeing to pay toward the initial cost Rs. 50,000.

One of the pressing problems in Burma today is the industrial problem. The population of the country is increasing faster than new land can be opened for cultivation. The war has raised the cost of living, yet the income of the people has advanced but little. Unless they can learn the dignity and nobility of labor, be taught some useful trade, and find productive employment, we will discover too late that the foundations of our self-supporting churches are being undermined and the whole country exposed to a flood of crime.—*Rev. A. C. Darrow, Moulmein, Burma.*

United by Christianity

The Manipur Baptist Association held in Kangpokpi, the new station in Manipur State, Assam, from February 12 to 15, was particularly significant this year because 300 Tangkhuls and Kukis sat together, rejoicing in Christianity and planning for its rapid advance in the Manipur State.

And why was it significant for Tangkhuls and Kukis to plan together? Before the World War, the Kukis, the most numerous, most aggressive, and most honest of the hill people, were almost entirely shut out from Christian teachings. They had for generations severely treated the Tangkhuls, a tribe in the northeastern part of the State which had heard the gospel message for about twenty years. During the two years the Kukis had made many savage raids among the Tangkhuls for human heads and slaves, one day slaughtering thirty-five in one village. And now they were planning mission work together.

"We have attended many associational meetings in the Garo Hills in our fifteen years there," writes Rev. G. G. Crozier, the missionary in the Manipur State, "but none with greater efficiency or with deeper spiritual earnestness or manifesting greater passion for making known the Glad Message to all the region round. The people organized the Manipur Mission Society with the desire to support five workers in regions closed against foreign mission work. At once they secured pledges among themselves of money enough to support two nearly a year. To us right here on the ground there is tremendous cheer in the way the Christians are taking hold of the work."

For Instance

BY HELEN J. CURRIER

A MOST INTERESTING PROGRAM FOR SECURING
A LARGE CLUB OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR "MISSIONS"

CHARACTERS

MRS. BUSY HOUSEWIFE...President of
the Missionary Society
MISS NEVER READ.....Not interested
because of lack of knowledge
MRS. MISSIONS.....Vivacious, young,
capable
MAID.....

SCENE. Modern room with chairs and
tables. Plenty of space in center.

[Enter Mrs. Busy Housewife. Sits
down in a chair and begins to sew. A
bell is heard.]

(Maid ushers in Miss Never Read.)

Mrs. Busy Housewife. Come right
in, I am so glad to see you. Won't you
take off your wraps? (Hands them to
maid.) You brought your sewing,
didn't you? That's good, for I have
some work too, and we can have a nice
chat while we work. Take this chair.

(Sit down and begin to sew.)

Mrs. Busy Housewife. Sorry you did
not get out to the meeting last Friday.
We had such an interesting time.

Miss Never Read. Oh (bewildered),
oh yes, you mean the ladies' meeting.
I had forgotten it. You know I never
read the church bulletin. I don't know
why, but I never know where it is when
I want it. Let me see, you are an officer
I believe. What is it, treasurer or sec-
retary or something or other?

Mrs. Busy Housewife (smiling). Yes,
just something or other. Just presi-
dent, that is all.

Miss Never Read. Oh yes, how stupid
of me. I did know, I suppose, but I
never read the church book; I don't
have time. There is always something
going on, and my eyes are not very
strong and the doctor says I shouldn't
read much.

Mrs. Busy Housewife. But surely—

Miss Never Read. Now I know just
what you are going to say, that this
work is harder on my eyes than reading
and that it doesn't take long to read the
bulletin and church book. To tell the
truth, I ought not to do this work at all,
but I just simply adore hand-embroid-
ered clothes and I must have them. All
the girls do, you know.

Mrs. Busy Housewife. Have you ever
met Mrs. Missions? She promised to
stop in on her way past this afternoon.
I think you might like her very much.

Miss Never Read. I don't remember
whether I met her or not. Is she a
seamstress?

(Bell rings.)

Mrs. Busy Housewife. There she is
now.

[Enter Mrs. Missions, hastily.] Oh,
Mrs. Busy Housewife, I just hope I'll
never have to go there again. I'm so
glad the year is up and that monthly
visit over. Oh, I beg your pardon, I
did not see that you had company.

Mrs. Busy Housewife. This is my
friend, Miss Never Read. Mrs. Mis-
sions, Miss Never Read. I hope you
two will become good friends.

Miss Never Read. How do you do.

Mrs. Missions. I am very glad to
know you, and if you are a friend of
Mrs. Busy Housewife I know I shall
like you very much indeed.

Mrs. Busy Housewife. Sit down and
rest a bit and tell us your troubles. Who
is this that you never want to see again?

Mrs. Missions (laughing). Who is
my thorn in the flesh? None other than
Mrs. Indifference. You remember when
you made out my new calling-list, last
year, you put her name on, saying that
you were going to send her an Easter
present. Well, I have conscientiously
made my twelve calls, but not once have
I seen the lady of the house long
enough to talk to her. The maid who
lets me in usually leaves me on the hall
bench and there I stay until some one
of the family comes along, gives me a
cold stare and finally sends me out the
back way. A few times I had a chance
to talk to the servants, but if their mis-
tress caught them, they were scolded
for wasting time. Once one of the girls
was just going home and she seemed
quite tired and lonely, so I went with
her and I had such a nice time. I told
the tired mother one of my best stories.
The father came home and I told him
some news about missions, I helped little
brother with his lesson on Burma, and
I told big sister how to organize her
Sunday school class for mission work.
I felt that that trip was worth while
and I had accomplished something, but
as I cannot go where I am not sent, of
course I have not been back, though I
would like to know how they are get-
ting along.

Mrs. Busy Housewife. And do you
have varied experiences in the homes?

Mrs. Missions. Oh yes, indeed. The
way we are treated in the different
homes would fill a book. But it is not
all troubles by any means. We have
thousands of places to go where we are
treated as friends and even authorities
on the subjects we know most about.
We have been able to help the preach-
ers, Sunday school teachers, missionary
presidents and leaders, besides spending
a quiet, enjoyable evening with the folks
at home occasionally. Families where

we have been going for some time de-
pend on us when they have papers to
write, missionary sermons to preach, or
want special information on any coun-
try or home work, and we are glad to
help our friends in any way we can.
Some not only receive us gladly them-
selves but send us out again to visit
others who cannot so well afford to pay
for the regular visits. We have varied
sources from which our information is
secured and we try to tell it interest-
ingly, so that the people will be pleased
with it. But (rising), now you must
excuse me, for I have some more calls
to make this afternoon and not much
time to spare. I just dropped in while
passing. It always does me good to see
Mrs. Busy Housewife. Good-bye, Miss
Never Read, I am so glad to have met
you and hope to see you again.

Miss Never Read. I hope you will.
I would be glad to have you call on me
when you have time.

Mrs. Busy Housewife (going toward
the door). Come again, for I am al-
ways glad to see you, and next time I
send you as a present I will go with you
the first time and see that you are prop-
erly introduced at least.

[Exit Mrs. Missions.]

(Miss Never Read folds up her work.)

Mrs. Busy Housewife. Must you go,
too?

Miss Never Read. Yes, it is getting
late and I am going out to dinner, so
I'll have to hurry. Look (holding up
her work), I have not even finished a
scallop, but I have learned a number of
other things this afternoon and I want
to know more about them. Do you sup-
pose that lovely Mrs. Missions will really
come to visit me? I know I have been
wasting my time, but I would truly like
to know more about the things she talks
about. Do you think she would help
me?

Mrs. Busy Housewife. Indeed she
would, that is her business. I'll put
your name down and for a small yearly
sum you can have such a delightful visit
each month. Perhaps some of your
friends would be glad to have these
visits as well as yourself, if they knew
about it.

Miss Never Read. I'll tell them
about it and I know they will be inter-
ested. We are not so utterly foolish
as some people make us out, we are
simply careless and do not understand.
I had no idea Mrs. Missions was so in-
teresting. Good-bye.

[Exit.]

NOTE.—Have the three ladies go
through the audience or be near the door
to solicit subscriptions for the magazine.
This program, well carried out, can be
made most effective and enjoyable as
well. Sample copies of MISSIONS
should be on hand for distribution.

Skiping Through Japan

A CLEVER REVIEW OF AN IMPORTANT BOOK—A FINE READING SKETCH, BY MRS. DURA P. CROCKETT

It is a perfect shame to skip through the *Japan Baptist Annual* for 1919. When it arrived from Mary Jesse, of Sendai, a once-upon-a-time visitor in our home, we were ready to leave the house on a "batting" trip (do you know batting?) but in about twenty short minutes the pages were skipped through in order to spy something for *Star* people. The result of the skipping was breathlessness. Do you think that it is fair for Japan to be so interesting when other fields, as well as that, need to be attended to? Isn't it all bewildering?

In the first place, it is just as well to confess that we are cheating you. There is very much more to enjoy than we can ever cull out, but they say that for three nickels, or a dime and one, you can get a copy of the Report (it is a surprise party of good pictures for your use now or another time) from the Literature Department, American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The foreword itself, that page you are always tempted to skip, gives the case of the Japanese mission problem, in the statement that in the Island Kingdom the Christian worker does not contend with heathenism that is unashamed, but with heathenism that is virile and subtle, using Christian methods to promote an anti-Christian cause.

There follows an article by a Japanese gentleman upon "Recent Democratic Tendencies in Japan." A statement to the effect that the Russian revolution and our entrance into the World War for democracy's sake stimulated the growth of democratic ideas in Japan, seems to one a little amusing, true as it may be—the Russian revolution and America's reason for entering the war as far apart as the two poles, in so many respects. In a mission station lies social service work and world betterment opportunities that you college girls are dreaming of. Our mission work is touched upon, indirectly, by the H. C. L. which Mr. Kawaguchi measures as fourfold in increase in many instances. In closing his article the writer says:

"But we must not fail to mention that in the spread of democratic principles and ideas, Christianity has been one of the chief factors. This religion, with its message of the common fatherhood of God, the universal brotherhood of man, the supreme worth of human personality, and of self-sacrificing love for others, has been indeed a mighty force in democratizing Japanese life and society, for these ideas are the very cream of democracy. The religion

of Jesus, through its schools and churches and social institutions, has scattered the seeds of democracy far and wide. The very fact that, after sixty years of earnest endeavor, the ideals and principles which it has so persistently set forth to the people are today actually operating in the very atmosphere means that Christianity has an unparalleled opportunity to make democratic—nay, rather Christian ideals really effective in the minds and hearts of the Japanese, and in the whole social life of the nation."

The next article is an informing, humorous account of "The Last Lap of a Missionary Education":

"When a medical man leaves his college or a minister his seminary, he can clutch his diploma boldly, look the world in the eye, and tell it: 'Now you can stop worrying—I'm ready for work, and your troubles are near an end.' But the missionary, at the end of a long course of training in America (without which he is sadly crippled in Japan) can have no such feeling, for some essential parts of his education are still to come.

"Being alert and interested in his job, he has been in touch with the Board during his college and seminary courses, so that they know the sort of man he is and the type of work he wants. If he is married or engaged, they should have had an opportunity to 'size up' his wife. In Japan a missionary's wife should be just as effective a missionary as the male of the species: especially if she knows how to make a home and keep it hospitable to all kinds of people, in addition to whatever specialized training she has and uses. Cooks can be easily hired in Japan, and it would be extravagant for the Board to pay the expenses of a woman who was no more than a cook and housekeeper for her husband. Woman's place in a missionary home is just as big as man's. . . .

"Those bound for Japan complete their journey at Yokohama, which is merely the first lap for those who go to China or India. Here one's acquaintance with the Orient begins. You step off the liner into a different world; outwardly, inwardly, and from an olfactory point of view. The small boats in the harbor are quaint, dirty, strange. The coolies on the pier, with their skin-tight trousers and coats decorated with Chinese characters, or even dressed only in what looks like a suit of underwear (or less)—all this is new to the American, and a strain, though unconsciously, on his nervous system. The wharves

and warehouses are not very different from the ones on the eastern side of the Pacific—the customs men have the same disrespect of baggage as have American officials. If an older missionary has met and is helping you, a few words in the strange new language to the customs man will help matters, though the subject of the conversation remains a mystery till you inquire. Then you learn that the official has been assured that you are only a harmless new missionary and of course your luggage contains neither liquor nor tobacco."

Really, you will find your girls mighty interested to have this article read aloud. It is good.

Now, did you know that Japanese Baptists have a Home Mission Society and a Ministers' Aid Society, and a Baptist Forward Movement? Sometimes we think that they need a Foreign Mission Society which shall be a boom-erang returning to us. Among the who's who list are foreign names we neither remember nor recognize, to our shame, with the exception of Dr. Chiba, of the Theological Seminary, and our dear Ishihara San, who is principal-elect of the Kindergarten Training School in Tokyo.

Statistics! Dry? Well, maybe; but also rather revealing and disturbing. In number of church-members in Japan we stand eighth—the Roman Catholics first. In number of missionaries we are fifth (Northern Baptist), the Roman Catholics are first. In the number of Japanese workers we are sixth, with the Japan Christian Church (Presbyterian, Reformed, and Woman's Union all united) coming in first. Are our eyes open?

Under cooperative enterprises we find this statement: "Cooperation increases denominational efficiency, and strengthens the work of each individual missionary." Christian Literature Society work is cooperative; a school for foreign children, to which missionaries' children go; a Japan Sunday School Association; Christian Education; Union Churches, and last, but not least, the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Salvation Army, and others.

Under "What the Mission Is Doing" are headed evangelistic work news, institutional and social work, and educational work.

Here we are, next in order, with something practical for W. W. G. circles. "Where to Learn about Japan" tells you all you ought to know. Here is your directory of our Japanese mission stations and workers' addresses. To help you further is a clever arrangement of questions upon the content of the whole pamphlet which ought to be splendidly of aid in preparing a program at some time.

Don't forget—you can buy your own copy for reference at only fifteen cents. —From "The Star in the East."

What the Church Edifice Fund Makes Possible

*INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF PIONEER DAYS, SHOWING
THE POWER OF THE PERSONAL TOUCH*

By D. D. PROPER, D. D.

IN 1894 I organized a church of seven or eight members in Snohomish, Washington, then the county seat of Snohomish County. They had only a rented place for preaching service and Sunday school. After a time Elder Cairns was settled as pastor, but lack of a meeting-house was a great handicap. Other churches were well established in good houses of worship. One day Elder Cairns came to see me in Seattle and said that the Catholic Hospital in Snohomish, built at a cost of over \$4,000, could be purchased for \$1,000 in cash. This was after the panic of 1893, when property values were greatly depreciated. I looked up the matter and found that by fixing it over somewhat the building would answer very well for an auditorium, Sunday school rooms, and a good home for the pastor. But where could we get the money? Surely not in the town or State. There was only one place to apply, and that was the Home Mission Society. I made the application as General Missionary, sending information regarding the whole enterprise. In due time the money was sent as gift and loan from the Church Edifice Fund, and the property was secured. Money was raised for remodeling the inside, and after a time we dedicated this combined meeting-house and parsonage. That was the beginning of better days for the little church. It has had a continuous existence ever since, numbering over 100 members, with 151 enrolled in the Sunday school. In after years the removal of the county seat to Everett took away some members and prevented the town from growing as it otherwise would have done. Notwithstanding this the church has gone on saving souls and developing Christian character.

THE START IN THE COURT-HOUSE

In the summer of 1891 I visited the town of North Yokima, a place of some three or four thousand people, where a little Baptist church had been organized a few months previously. I found a semblance of an organization with a few members, but it was fast going to pieces. There was no pastor, no place of meeting, and no Sunday school. The only material assets were a few church papers in an old valise. I gathered a few of the members in the court-house and held a service. It was decided to go forward, and after a time a pastor was secured, with services to be held in the court-house.

For a time the people alternated between hopes and fears for the little church. A permanent church home was needed. Well do I remember kneeling with Brother G. M. McKinney in his office, praying for that little struggling church. On his knees he consecrated about \$100, all he had in the bank at that time, toward paying for a lot. We went out and made a selection, taking an option on the property. The lot was purchased, and he made the first payment on it with this \$100. An appeal was made to the Home Mission Society and a gift and loan secured. After heroic work, this little band of Baptists succeeded in building and paying for a very respectable meeting-house. This was the church home for many years and the work prospered.

The little town has now grown to a city of over 20,000 inhabitants, and the church has passed the 500 mark. A fine new house of worship, costing \$50,000, has been erected, and the church pays a salary of nearly \$3,000. Different missions have been established in the surrounding country, and the church supports a pastor on the foreign field. The annual missionary budget reaches about \$2,500. It pays to care for and aid the weak, struggling churches, for through them the kingdom is to be extended.

WHEN MICE ATE THE CHURCH LETTER

The first time I visited the new town of Sumas, one Saturday afternoon, there was a lascivious dance in progress in the open air. Some printed handbills were in circulation advertising a prize-fight on the next day, Sunday. The people were gathering here from many places to make new homes. I continued to visit the place and after a time I found a few Baptists and organized a little church. I remember one elderly brother said at this organization, "I carried a church letter for fourteen years until the mice ate it up, and now I have another one, which is several years old." I said, "Give us a little fresh experience and it will be all right." He was received and made a good, faithful helper in church work.

Time and space would fail to tell of the struggles and trials of this little band of Baptists on the line between Washington and British Columbia. Because of adverses through removals and failures, I believe the church would have become extinct in the course of a year or two had it not been for a Sister

Jones. She stood by the Sunday school faithfully when her husband and the other men were faint-hearted. Her loyal efforts were born of a heroic consecration to her Lord and a desperate determination to provide religious instruction for the boys and girls in her own home as well as in the homes of her neighbors.

After a time I found an old store building in very bad condition which could be bought for \$125. The greater part of this amount was secured from the Home Mission Society, and the building was purchased. Repairs were made, and plain board benches provided for seating the people. This served as a rallying-place for the Sunday school, and after a time a pastor was settled. The old, rough structure has given way to a good house of worship, worth \$3,000, and the church goes on with the work.

WHERE FOOD WAS SCARCE

In one of my exploring missionary tours, while living in Seattle, I visited North Bend up in the mountains, near Snoqualmie Falls, and preached in the schoolhouse just in the rear of the present meeting-house. At the close of the sermon, five or six arose to manifest a desire to be Christians. Before we were dismissed, the brethren asked for special meetings, saying there had not been a conversion there in about six years. I could not stay, but Brother W. C. Brown, the nearest Baptist pastor, remained nearly three weeks. Twenty-three persons were converted and baptized. We organized with twenty-six members. I secured a donation at once of the lots on which the house stands, 100x140, for a Baptist church. A shingle firm offered to give the shingles to cover the house. The Home Mission Society helped from the Church Edifice Fund, and the house was built. Pastor Brown remained and did a very heroic and self-sacrificing work for this people. Some members went without tea, coffee, and sugar to get this church home. The pastor worked two hundred days on the house. For the first six months his salary was only \$15 per month, then it was \$27.50, nearly one-half coming from the Mission Board. One week he worked until Saturday night, and went home to find that the family was out of flour, tea, coffee, sugar, lard, butter, meat, and had only a few potatoes on which to live. The family lived several miles from North Bend at that time. A brother sixty-five years old found out the situation about eleven o'clock that night, and brought them a Sunday morning breakfast. How few of the sacrifices of these pioneer missionary heroes and heroines have ever been recorded!

In the course of a year or two, forty-nine persons had been baptized by this

devoted servant. Twenty years have passed. The church is prosperous and has been a perennial fountain of blessing to that mountain community.

GOING TO CHURCH BEHIND AN OX-TEAM

When I visited the little town of Sibley, in northwest Iowa, I found the semblance of a church organization of about ten members, having neither pastor, place of meeting, nor Sunday school. I engaged the Congregational meeting-house for a weekday afternoon service and two evenings. Then I walked out into the country four miles to Mr. Bailey's home to get them to come to the afternoon meeting. He objected because he had no horses. I had seen a good yoke of oxen, and so said, "Hitch up the oxen." Then he said he did not have a wagon-box. I saw the hay-rack on the wagon, so I said, "Put on some hay and we can ride on that." He wanted to beg off, but I was persistent.

After dinner, we loaded up men and women as many as we could get between there and town. It was an unusual spectacle to see an ox-team load of Baptists coming on a hay-rack. As soon as he could get us unloaded, he drove the team away from the meeting-house. We made arrangements to go on with the services the best way we could. It was a small county-seat town, and it was important to get our work started. I went to the public school and asked the children to tell their parents that I would preach in the Congregational church two evenings. As a result of timely work, a pastor was soon secured to preach here and at another near-by town.

Then the matter of a meeting-house was agitated. We offered \$200 from the Church Edifice Gift Fund of the Home Mission Society if they would build. One man offered lots five blocks away on the outer edge of town. I refused to endorse the location for Church Edifice money, and went to a real estate firm and closed the bargain for a corner lot in a good location at \$187.50. The house was built and dedicated with enough pledges to free it from debt.

Some years after, when the Baptist Anniversaries were held in Chicago, I met a Mrs. O'Keefe. She said, "Do you remember preaching in Sibley, Iowa?" I said I did. "Do you remember the text you preached from?" I said, "No." She replied, "It was 'Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation,' and it was salvation my soul wanted." Then she told me this story: When the children came home from school, they said a man was going to preach on the Bible at the Congregational church, and wanted everybody to come. The family was Irish, the husband was a Catholic, and he did all he could to prevent her

going, except to say she should not, which she declared he did not dare say. She spoke of the Testament I had given them. They became interested in the Baptists, and after moving to Minnesota, united with the Baptist Church. At the time of our conversation the family were all members of the First Church in Chicago. Their two girls had gone to the Baptist Training School and were then in the employ of the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society.

Since then I have met the oldest daughter and son of the Bailey family, where I had found the ox-team. They had become members and workers in a Baptist church out on the Pacific Coast.

The Sibley church is self-supporting, has about 100 members, and has sent many of its number to the great West. The meeting-house is doing good service, and although the town has grown, its location is still central.

WHEN MANY LIFTED

When I went to western Washington as General Missionary of the Home Mission Society, New Watcom on Bellingham Bay was a town of only a few thousand people. Then came the panic of 1893. Many left the place. The membership of the struggling pioneer Baptist church was greatly reduced, and services were maintained at irregular intervals. The little box-frame meeting-house was not well located, and was sadly out of repair, so that it was difficult to get congregations. Efforts to settle pastors had been without success, and the Baptist cause was at a very low ebb. Some wanted to build a new house on a new location, but nothing was done except to talk about the matter.

Finally one rainy Sunday morning, when only a few persons were out, the General Missionary after the sermon, without any authority from the church, made a call for pledges for a new meeting-house. In a short time over \$2,000 in cash, labor, and material was promised. A contractor offered to give a month's labor if someone would board him. A canvass was made and some sisters promised the board. Then the matter of securing a new location came up and a committee was appointed.

But the committee did not move forward, and the General Missionary again took the matter in his own hands. There was a choice vacant lot in a slightly place, owned by the man who had given the lot for the old house of worship. In a short time an exchange of lots was secured and the work of building a new meeting-house was started, with the understanding that there must be no debt incurred. The District Missionary, representing the Society and the State Convention, was put in charge, to go only so far as funds were provided. Times were hard and money was scarce. At

length the lecture or Sunday school room at the rear end was ready and it was used for worship a long time before the main part was built. Meanwhile a pastor had been secured and thus the work went on to completion. The building occupies such an eminence that its spires are almost the first objects seen by people on incoming boats, and the last seen by those departing.

A number of years ago the name of the town was changed to Bellingham, the name of the beautiful bay on whose shores the city stands. The population has greatly increased, numbering 24,000 in 1910, and the church has grown to about 600, although members have gone out to form two other churches. The glad day came when the pastor wrote that the church was planning to put up a fine modern building to cost \$50,000, and said: "The present house, as you know, is in the heart of the city. The location is what appealed to me when I came here first to supply for the summer."

One lesson from this experience is the need of great care in the selection of a location for the house of worship. Another is the importance of persistent effort on the part of general workers to get the little churches to improve an opportunity for advancement. With less watchful care all might have been lost.

(Dr. Proper was one of the most successful and indefatigable of our home mission workers, and knows the West as few men do.—Ed.)

Indian Statistics

Speaking on "An Adequate Christian Program" for the Indians before the Home Missions Council, Mr. G. E. E. Lindquist, Secretary of Indian Work, of the Y. M. C. A., mentioned the following results: The government maintains 310 schools, of which 200 are day schools, 70 boarding-schools on reservations, 24 non-reservation schools, 2 at the same time sanitariums, and the rest tribal schools in eastern Oklahoma. Of mission schools, Roman Catholics conduct 47 and Protestants 25. There are 29,463 Indian pupils enrolled in public or private schools. Of the 7,237 pupils enrolled in 21 of the 24 non-reservation schools, 4,242 show Protestant affiliation or inclination, 2,926 Roman Catholic, a few are acknowledged Mormons, and a few are "unattached," that is, pagan. Approximately 60 per cent are Protestant and 40 per cent Roman Catholic. Practically 95 per cent of our Indian young people who are in any school whatsoever are enrolled in government Indian schools. The government allows time for religious education on Sundays freely, and two hours on week-days.



FROM THE WORLD FIELDS



SHEPHERD OF SOULS

A Missionary Hymn

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

Shepherd of souls, thy voice we hear
Through all life's tumults, gently speak,
"Beloved, if ye hold me dear
Go feed the flock I died to seek."

Lead Thou the way, Thy voice we know,
To pastures green or deserts dread.
Content in any path we go
If in Thy steps our feet may tread.

Inspire our hearts to love like Thine;
Give grace to win and strength to bear;
Still through thy Word in wisdom shine
And teach our souls to find Thee there.

Shepherd of souls! Thou Son of Man,
Open our eyes Thy face to see.
Unfold to us redemption's plan,
That we may point the world to Thee.

THE HELPING HAND

Edited by Helen Barrett Montgomery

A BOOK THAT WILL MAKE REAL CHRISTIANS

The Association Press of New York City has laid the Christian Church in its debt many times through its publications, such as "The Meaning of Prayer," by Dr. Fosdick. One of the books published last year ought to have as wide a circulation and as deep an influence as that of Dr. Fosdick. It is "Marks of a World Christian," by D. J. Fleming. Dr. Fleming contends that we all of us need a larger self—a self that will correspond to the claims of the larger world in which we live; that "the expanding world demands an expansion of the soul." The book is a call to the international heart and mind.

Dr. Fleming's very statement of the theme is arresting. Consider these as marks of a real world Christian: a respect for the capabilities of other peoples of the world; responsiveness to human need; faith in the pursuant love of God; a love that is "forthgoing, self-sacrificing, resourceful, and constructive."

Dr. Fleming was himself a missionary, and the book is shot through with missionary passion and experience. This book ought to be in the hands of all

pastors who wish to lead their churches out into participation with our New World Movement. It will open to them the holy Scriptures and will cause them to realize the tremendous cost of making the world Christian, and the urgency that the church exchange its parish-mindedness for a true world-mindedness.

HOSPITAL NOTES FROM NELLORE

A letter from Dr. Benjamin tells of her expected return to Nellore on the 25th of June.

"I am feeling better," she writes, "than since I returned to India three years ago, and although Dr. Degenring goes home and I shall be all alone, I am looking forward to the year's work with a good deal of enthusiasm. The hospital becomes more popular every year and in spite of the anti-English feeling in India, I have very many warm friends among the Hindu people. The caste women who are coming to the hospital in ever-increasing numbers are many of them deeply interested in Christianity. We have two very fine Bible women, very attractive and sincere Christians. They know how to approach others with love and tact. Both are very popular with the caste women who will often listen to the Gospel Story for an hour and beg for more.

"In spite of the depressed condition of women in India they are the real rulers of the land, and I feel that the growing interest of women in Christianity is one of the most hopeful signs of the present day. I believe we are on the eve of great things in India, and that Christianity will soon gain a wonderful victory here. I am glad I can have even a small part in the work these days."

Dr. Benjamin concludes her letter with a list of things urgently needed in the hospital at Nellore; most of them regular hospital supplies, which have been turned over to the societies responsible for this hospital. There are, however, some wants outside of those included in our usual hospital supplies, and I am wondering if the devotees of our postage-stamp showers do not want to fill my old umbrella again.

For instance, there are surgical knives, scissors, straight and curved, pointed and blunt; single tenacula (whatever that may be), and catgut. Measuring glasses, microscopic slides, soap and sapolio, safety pins, needles, and buttons. Sunday school picture rolls; post-cards, with plain white paper pasted on the backs; and rubber nipples for nursing

bottles. Hot water bottles, hypodermic bottles, etc.

Now most of these things would be better bought in Madras than supplied through our White Cross Circles, so whoever wants to give a two-cent stamp to help buy these things, just send to Mrs. W. A. Montgomery, 144 Dartmouth Street, Rochester, N. Y., and I will see that Dr. Benjamin gets the money.

Meanwhile the busy White Cross Circles will be making nightgowns for little babies, and children and women, and sheets and pillowcases and towels and bandages—above all bandages, big and little—in large quantities, urgently needed, says the doctor.

Packages can be sent to India now by parcel post. The rate is the same as that to China and Japan. However, there is an additional surcharge because things must be first shipped to England, and from there to India. Prices can be ascertained at any post-office. Anyone sending picture post-cards or Sunday school picture rolls can send directly to Dr. Benjamin, addressing her, Dr. Lena Benjamin, Nellore Hospital, Nellore, South India.

A WOMEN'S MISSION CIRCLE IN CHINA

Christian women in China are following the example of their American sisters, they are organizing missionary societies.

Last November in the city of Kiukiang seventy-five of the leading Christian women were invited to the home of the missionary to get volunteers for city mission work. The women gladly volunteered for this service and then suggested that they thought it was time for them to organize a mission circle of their own. The idea took, and the circle with its own officers was organized on the spot. They decided to hold monthly meetings with six programs on Africa and the others on their own home land.

In December they gave out mite boxes to be opened in May. The cut shows the members at the May meeting when the mite boxes were opened and thirty dollars turned into the treasury. When considered in terms of income and sacrifice this means fully as much as a gift of \$100 from a similar group of American women. The women voted unanimously to send the thirty dollars to Africa. During the year the circle has given \$170. Some of it has been sent for the new Home Mission Work which Chinese Christians have just opened in the untouched province of

Yunnan, some of it to build a day school in a near-by city where most of the people have never heard of Christ.

TRAVELING MERCIES

The following extract from a letter gives interesting news from Dr. Josephine Lowney:

"I am now at Chungking, where a party of six of us are getting ready for the overland trip to Chengtu. We have come through all the perils of the river and the robbers unharmed. Ours was the first passenger steamer on the Yangtze to fly the American flag. We were all prepared for firing at least in the robber region, but there was not a single shot. On the previous day a missionary party with a military escort (traveling by small boat) had a four-hours' battle with the robbers, with some loss of life among the robbers and soldiers and boatmen. Two days before, a British gunboat was fired on. The trip through the rapids was altogether the most beautiful and awesome and exciting travel I have ever had."

Dr. Lowney, by the way, was asked by the China Constitution Committee to contribute a paper on Tuberculosis in China for the China Survey.

INTERESTING NEW PAMPHLETS

Alert chairmen of program committees have already learned that not all the interesting literature is published by our own board, and many of them have secured splendid illustrative material by sending to some other board for copies of its recent literature. The Woman's Board of Missions of the Congregational denomination has favored the Helping Hand with sample copies of their recent leaflets bearing on the Bible and Missions. Miss Mary Preston has written a series of outline programs that is exceedingly suggestive and interesting. This can be secured for ten cents.

The Bible in India's Homes is an illustrated pamphlet which gives glimpses of the Bible women at work in the homes of South West India. (10 cents.) *The Bible's Influence on Women* (5 cents), contains four chapters, one dealing with women in Japan, another in China, another in India and the last in Turkey. Striking facts are given in proof of the transformation which the introduction of the Bible into any land brings in the lives of the women of that land.

The Bible in Bible Lands Today (10 cents), is made up of a number of anecdotes and incidents which are a perfect treasure-house for one who is seeking illustrations or anecdotes to tell to Sunday school classes or mission circles. There is splendid material here for four-minute speeches. One of the anecdotes

entitled, "A Competition for Bibles," is quoted on another page of this issue of *MISSIONS*. *The Burned Bibles in Cilicia* (5 cents), tells the story of relief work following the indescribable massacres in the spring of 1909 in the region of Antioch. The story tells not only of the burned Bibles, but of one that was not burned. *A Bible Woman's Visit in South India* (5 cents), contains a dialogue between a Hindu woman, her son's wife, her young widowed daughter, a neighbor, and the Bible woman. The dialogue may be given in costume. It is simple and brief, but effective.

Any or all of these pamphlets may be secured by sending to the Woman's Board of Missions, 704 Congregational House, Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

According to your faith it shall be unto you—a faithful promise.

SEND FOR THIS

"Stupid Me," the Chinese girl with whom the women of the W. A. B. F. M. S. are well acquainted through the White Cross Leaflet No. 2, has now written a "thank you" note to her Western friends. This is just out in an attractive folder for free distribution as White Cross Leaflet No. 3. It has a picture of "Stupid Me" unpacking a box from America, and contains the latest list of needs, detailed directions for sending supplies, and a list of hospitals and dispensaries, indicating to what district each has been assigned. Write immediately to your literature headquarters for a supply of these for fall and associational meetings.

A TASK OF FAITH CHALLENGING SIZE

Every Baptist woman who contributes to missions through the budget of her church is a nominal member of the Mission Circle. The purpose of Membership Week is to make over nominal members into active members.

So large an enterprise as this demands planning, cooperation, and prayer. A definite plan is already prepared by the two Women's Societies in conjunction with the General Board of Promotion.

Cooperation beginning at headquarters includes not only district, State, and associational organizations, but every member of every church. The pastor cooperates by preaching on October 31 an inspirational missionary sermon. At every other meeting of the day and week, four-minute speakers appear. Every missionary woman helps to secure active membership pledges and to arrange for the programs and attendance at the Friday afternoon meeting. In the churches where no circles exist they are to send at once to associational secretaries for help in organizing circles. This time of simultaneous effort offers just the enthusiasm required for a good start.

Pray for wisdom in making and executing plans. Pray for the whole-hearted cooperation of every person and organization involved. Pray for the enlargement and quickening of our mission circles which as far as woman's work is concerned, are the very units of missionary enterprise.

Immediate action is necessary. This will be a fine chance also to increase the *MISSIONS* club.

MEMBERSHIP WEEK

OCTOBER 31 TO NOVEMBER 7, 1920

Aim { To have a WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY in EVERY Baptist Church
To have EVERY woman member of EVERY Baptist Church ACTIVELY enrolled in the WOMAN'S SOCIETY of her Church

"FOR HIM"

Simultaneous meetings in all Baptist Churches for prayer, organization of new societies, and reception of new members

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 2.30 P. M.

Send for special programs to Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, or Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society
Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society
in cooperation with the General Board of Promotion, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York City

TIDINGS

Edited by Alice T. Anderson

A GUIDE

From the suggestions received in response to a questionnaire sent out by the Editorial Department of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society the following guide for using "Ocean to Ocean" has been compiled:

1. NEWS FROM MISSIONARIES AND FIELDS

"I cut out the letters and send them when requests come for word from some missionary or field."

"I use it to get acquainted with our missionaries and their work."

Basis for White Cross Service: Knowledge of the fields leads to intelligent meeting of the needs.

"People appreciate individual letters." (The use of these printed letters saves the time and strength of the missionaries to do the work of the field, instead of writing numberless letters.)

2. PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES AND WORK

"A knowledge of the message from each missionary means cooperation and prayer."

"I use it with the 'Book of Remembrance' for definite information regarding the field and work of the missionary whose name appears for the day. It leads to more intelligent prayer and deeper interest."

"I have brought the workers and work before the missionary meetings for prayer."

3. PROGRAMS FOR WOMEN'S SOCIETIES, W. W. G. AND C. W. C.

Impersonation

In presenting a general survey of home mission activities or a survey of some particular group, select people to impersonate one or more teachers or missionaries from each school or field, depending on the scope desired. (See 6 b. for pages in "Survey" and "Ocean to Ocean.") Vary the number of impersonations and features presented to meet the needs of the particular program. Following are outstanding features or incidents which may serve as a guide in selecting material:

Americanization

Katy, page 15.

Customers, page 17.

Russo-German neighbor, page 21.

For summary see "First Fruits," which may be distributed at the close of the meeting.

Baptist Missionary Training School

Besides pages 9-12 in "Ocean to Ocean," use the Bulletin of the Baptist Missionary Training School for definite

curricula and information. Distribute "Under Orders" at the close of the meeting.

Christian Centers

For a program on Christian centers impersonate one or more workers in each center, telling the nationalities, activities and special incidents selected from the letters. See "Ocean to Ocean," pages 27-65.

For summary see the folder "Christian Centers, a Circular of Information." Distribute at close of meeting.

Indians

"Strange" Combination, page 99.

Floyd and Sam, page 100.

Evening scene, page 102.

"They pray," page 103.

Simple pictures, pages 107-109.

First Indian church of Nevada, page 113.

Tuscarora church over the top, page 115.

Italians

Impersonate an Italian woman and tell what America is doing for her people. (See "Ocean to Ocean," pages 42-46, 52-58, for work in Christian centers, page 66-68, in missions and kindergartens, and pages 117-131, special Italian missions.)

Difference in religions, page 38.

"Get the Best," page 81.

It pays to advertise, page 128.

Latin America

New school building, page 195.

Schools favored, page 204.

Normal and missionary training school established, page 208.

Typical Monday evening, page 214.

Negroes

Christian Centers, pages 60-65.

Negro church school, page 75.

First commencement on new site, page 137.

Spelman hospital, page 140.

Let the lower lights be burning, page 152.

Week-day Bible classes, page 164.

Fireside schools, pages 169-171.

New Americans

Cosmopolitan Center, aggregate attendance, page 58.

Image worship, page 65.

"The Little Missionary," pages 68, 69.

Language problem, page 95.

Not creed, only humanity, page 182.

Russian mission, page 185.

Anxious to go back, page 189.

Married at thirteen, page 223.

Older Americans

No time set for work, page 91.

First State assembly, page 94.

Oriental

Finding friends, page 49.

Menu of baby dinner, page 179.

Dramatization

Many of the above incidents may be dramatized, which will add greatly to the interest in the group or groups presented.

Acquaintance Party

Each person may represent a missionary or teacher on some typical field. Each should be ready to tell about the most interesting phase of her work as given in her letter published in "Ocean to Ocean."

Map Exercises

Give a general survey of home mission fields, using the large wall map of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society as a basis, and telling incidents typical of each group. (This suggestion is given for societies where a large wall map is available. Since the W. A. B. H. M. S. wall map is out of stock, no orders can be filled. New maps may be ordered from the General Board of Promotion.)

4. READING

"I have extension members and guests in the home read it."

"I use it to keep in touch with workers I know."

"I like to see the progress from year to year."

"Many of the missionaries are personal friends, whose letters, of course, I enjoy."

"I read it from cover to cover and then turn it over to our missionary society."

5. REFERENCE

"I use it for reference in my association work." "Ocean to Ocean" is useful as a reference book for missionary societies and mission study classes. A pastor said, "I like it better than separate folders, for I have information about the home mission fields in one book."

6. SUPPLEMENT

(a) To study books—

"It is one of the best ways of knowing our own missionaries and their fields. The study books do not give our own specific works in detail."

(b) To survey.

(c) To "Book of Remembrance."

7. TALKS AND LECTURES

"I use quotations from letters in almost every talk I give."

"I find it especially helpful when asked to give addresses at short notice."

"Ocean to Ocean" is excellent for a series of prayer-meeting talks or in young people's meetings. In fact, it is useful in any department of the church."

NOTE: Suggestions for the further use of "Ocean to Ocean" will be gladly received by the Editorial Department, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Posters to call attention to "Ocean to Ocean," thus promoting the use of the books, will be sent upon request. The price of the book is 25 cents; the posters are free.

Copies of the above guide in separate folder form will be sent free upon request.

FROM THE FAR LANDS

THE NEW SPIRIT OF CHINA

In the China of yesterday the scholar was often a round-shouldered lad with little interest in athletics and a feeling that physical exertion was beneath his high station in life. But in the new China we find an entirely different attitude, for educators, realizing that a scholar must be strong in body as well as in mind, have given a distinct place to physical exercise of one kind or another, not only for the purpose of developing physical strength, but to arouse a spirit of cooperation, good sportsmanship, and loyalty.

The missionaries at Swatow Academy in South China have tried many methods for the physical development of their boys. One in use at the present time is the improvement of a certain section of the school campus by each class. The class of 1921 made an unique contribution. In a corner of the playground several large boulders were piled together. For days at a time some of the boys dug at these with pick and hoe while others carried away the dirt, and after hours of hard work they had formed a stone rest-house, a cave about twenty feet in depth with an opening into the roof garden above. "Such places as these," says one of the missionaries, "promise to add much to the attractiveness of the already beautiful campus of Swatow Academy."

Other classes have contributed in different ways. For example, there has been keen competition in the making of gardens and a prize has been awarded every year to the class which produces the best garden. Think what this means! The fathers of these boys—if they had been fortunate enough to be numbered among the scholars—would have shunned the idea of such manual labor, but the new scholars are working cheerfully "all for the glory of their school."

OVERCOMING OPPOSITION

"At Bheemavaram a peculiar stand was taken against us which melted away into nothingness. Six years ago the Christians put in an application for fourteen acres of good black soil. A big ryot had held it by encroachment. The collector sanctioned it for the Christians and the big ryot took it through three courts, including the high court of Madras, spending thousands, but every time it came to the Christians. This is the setting for the real story. The Saturday afternoon we visited the place we had an unusually large meeting, say 1,500 people. Everything looked fine for a good evening meeting. We came with

the band as victorious soldiers to the battle. A crowd sat down and listened to the first preacher, then one by one about half quietly left. The others stayed and were interested.

"I tried to think out the cause of the unrest. There was no noise or talking back in the side lanes, but the air was heavy with mystery. We finished as usual, had a word with some we knew and then I started ahead with the lantern. A Christian lad whispered to me 'The big ryot has a large crowd waiting with sticks and clubs and they intend to oppose our passage through the town street.'

"Our preachers received the same word but they only made a little more noise. I turned the light a little brighter, held the heavy Clough cane a little tighter, made the Christian lads fall behind and on we went, singing with spirit our victory.

"On a turn in the road ahead I saw the armed crowd waiting. It was only a question of seconds now. No one but God could know what was going to happen. Turning back was impossible. If necessary we would fight our way through the hirelings employed by a persecuting high-handed ryot. We numbered about twenty-five people. They had probably a hundred, but on we went. The crowd with the big clubs parted and let us through, giving us the middle of the road and plenty of it. They stood rooted, their feet refused to lift, their eyes were wide open with wonder, their hands gripped their clubs loosely and remained useless and their tongues were as silent as the grave. On and past we went like the children of Israel through the Red Sea with a wall of danger on each side, but they did not come nigh unto us. The bold lions under the pay of the ryot became gentle lambs under the mighty hand of our God."—*Rev. J. M. Baker, Ongole, South India.*

BELIEVING WITHOUT SEEING

"The joy of the Pwo Karens over their new central school building is almost pathetic," writes Rev. L. W. Cronkhite, who is in charge of the Pwo Karen work at Bassein, Burma, where the mission schools have about 1,200 pupils and the jungle villages in the field several thousand more. "If only you people could know what a difference all this gospel which you are giving the heathen nations means to them, as you can see it any day here! But 'Blessed is he that hath not seen and yet hath believed,' since it is Christ's own program."

STRUGGLING AGAINST SUPERSTITION

"Here I am in this old wicked town of Kengtung—a town that has weekly ceremonies relating to the Buddhist religion. The beating of drums and the clanging of cymbals tells us that some

Shan boy is to be paraded through the streets as part of the initiatory ceremony always performed when anyone is about to adorn the yellow robe. The Buddhist religion is well advertised in this town by these public ceremonies, but although it seems to hold a large place in the lives of the people it does not appear to affect vitally the moral side of their lives.

"In the midst of all this our mission quietly carries on its work. Within the past week our school has reopened with an enrolment of nearly 140 students. Most of them are Lahus, but a few have come from the town. In the jungle we shall have about twenty schools this year, so in all we may have about 400 under instruction in day schools. The silent but powerful forces of our Christian religion amid this mass of superstition may ultimately be the means of banishing at least part of the darkness."

—*Rev. J. H. Telford, Kengtung, Burma.*

A CALL FOR PRAYER

"The response that the natives of India are making to the call of the Saviour is gratifying to say the least," writes Rev. M. L. Streeter, of Tavoy, Burma. "But, friends, pray with us for the Burmans, ten millions of them non-Christians, at this time when they are about to receive greater political privileges and responsibilities. Believe me, only the Bible as the chart and Christ as their leader will enable them as a patriotic, grateful, and wise people to avoid the shoals and rocks of selfishness and corruption."

CONTRIBUTIONS OF NON-CHRISTIANS TO CHRISTIAN WORK

Two non-Christian friends recently gave \$1,000 on the deficit of the Chaoyang school and assure the missionaries that they have not given their last offering to the good work. "Our school at Chaoyang keeps growing, and the school buildings have boys tucked away in every conceivable place, yet we must have more room," writes Rev. A. F. Groesbeck, of that station. "Another non-Christian friend has a large empty building adjoining the school. We called on him and asked if he would rent it to us. His reply was, 'Look it over and see if you can use it to advantage.' We looked it over and asked how much the rent would be. He said, 'The rent is two or three hundred dollars, but you can't afford to pay that much. Why should I, a rich man, rent it for a few dollars! No, you take it and use it as long as you need it or until I want it, and it won't cost you a cent, except to put a notice in the paper that I have given you the use of the place.' I don't know how we could get along without these non-Christian friends who are giving us their support. We must have

additional buildings, and they say they are going to help us get them. One of them has promised to take the headmaster to Shanghai and help solicit funds!"

WHY A BUDDHIST BECAME A CHRISTIAN

A preacher of ours was telling me this week about his experiences when he first became a Christian. He is from a family that has been rather influential and when he became a Christian they "outcasted" him as he expressed it. One day his aunt was talking to him and asked him to tell her why he had been dissatisfied with Buddhism. He replied that he could tell her some of the things that had made him so. "First of all," he said, "I could not bear to worship idols. They are only the work of our own hands and it seemed too foolish to worship that. Then in the second place it seemed senseless to worship priests who are men just like we are." He had only got as far as that when she interrupted him, crying "Stop, stop! You have upset the whole of Buddhism," and she came fairly near the truth concerning Buddhism as we find it among the people of Burma today.—*Rev. A. H. Henderson, Taunggyi, Burma.*

HAPPINESS IN SERVICE

"It is just two months since I landed and I can truthfully say that I have not had an unhappy or depressing day since I arrived," writes Rev. P. P. W. Ziemann, who is assisting Dr. Benninghoff in his work with the Waseda University boys. "By this time of course I am getting into the swing of things and I am enjoying every minute of the work. I cannot tell you to what heights of exaltation I was lifted the Sunday morning I had my first Bible class of the Waseda students. We had for our lesson the story of the birth of Christ. Some of them knew something about it but others had never heard of it. Imagine! I will never forget the sensations that came to me when I realized that I was breaking the bread of life to them for the first time!"

OFFICERS OF THE BOARD

At the organization meeting of the Board of Managers of the Foreign Mission Society held July 6, 1920, Dr. Frederick L. Anderson was reelected chairman, Dr. Carter Helm Jones was elected vice-chairman, and William B. Lipphard was reelected recording secretary for the current year.

PROFESSOR ROBINS VISITS THE ORIENT

Missionaries in Japan, China, and the Philippines will be interested in knowing that Professor Henry B. Robins, Ph. D., of Rochester Theological Seminary, and a member of the Board of Managers,

sailed from San Francisco, July 24, for the Orient. He has been granted leave of absence from the seminary on his sabbatical year and will attend the World Sunday School Convention at Tokyo, Japan, and the Sixtieth Anniversary Celebration of the South China Mission. He will include also East China and West China and the Philippine Islands in his itinerary. Professor Robins is one of the popular members of the seminary faculty at Rochester, and as he is Professor of Missions his visit to the Orient and to our mission stations will be of particular interest.

DOES JAPAN NEED REINFORCEMENTS?

"Our Conference this year was characterized by a deep devotional spirit and by a very serious atmosphere throughout all the business sessions, one reason for this being the fearfully depleted condition in which we found ourselves. For years our thinned ranks have been endeavoring to hold the line in the hope that after the war had closed and peace prevailed, that recruits would again be coming our way. But it is coming to be a very serious question whether or not the line can be held any longer. The gaps are getting too numerous and too extensive. The cable that was sent recently was not sent merely to remind you of our needs, but it was sent because we are facing an unusual crisis. As you already know, the Hachinohe-Morioka field is vacant; the Mito field is vacant; the Kyoto field is vacant; the Himeji field is vacant. And only temporary provision has been made for the Inland Sea. The Steadmans are doing heroic service, but neither of them is physically able to hold that section of the line very long. The physical condition of both is causing us a good deal of anxiety."—*Extract from letter of Dr. William Axling.*

EVANGELISM IN SHANGHAI

A member of the faculty of Shanghai Baptist College, in a recent letter telling about a week of evangelism, says: "During this time the whole college has been quietly but earnestly bent on one thing, to bring men to a decision for Christ. The way has been prepared by the sane and healthful Christian atmosphere which pervades the social life and classroom work of the institution. Daily prayer-meetings have been held, in which students and faculty mingle with remarkable freedom and the whole student body is covered by personal work groups. The whole atmosphere of the college and every department of teaching is surcharged with a spiritual purpose and the wholesome relationships between students and faculty are exceedingly helpful.

"The results of such a spirit are what you might expect. The last Sunday of the term I had the pleasure of baptizing fifteen of these boys."

STATION SNAPSHOTS

JAPAN

"The Baptist Forward Movement in Japan is proving a real factor in our Baptist work," writes one of our Japan missionaries. "In all the years during which we have been at work in Japan no movement has so deeply stirred our Japanese churches or entered so deeply into their life and prayers. I have just returned from a special campaign in connection with this movement in the Inland Sea, cooperating with the gospel ship. It was a most inspiring sight to see, night after night, from three to five hundred people gather and listen with most rapt attention and devotion to the gospel message. These meetings were all held in local theatres or town halls and the best people of the town were present in large numbers. One evening the medical association of the district attended in a body, another evening the local Young Men's Association. Both of these are absolutely non-Christian and are organized for social and cultural purposes, yet their interest in Christianity led them to appear in this public way, in a public place, as a body. These meetings are but typical. Everywhere there is a great eagerness, especially on the part of the young men, to hear the gospel message. God is giving Christianity one more chance to make good in Japan."

ASSAM

Two years ago, there were 335 church-members in that portion of Manipur State in Assam which the Society was working. Now there are about 600 and nearly 115 in the Tangkul villages are said to be Christians awaiting baptism.

"I wish I had time to tell you the wonderful work of grace that is going on among the people in Upper Assam," writes one of the Assam missionaries. "The workers are being kept busy in the district and everywhere are finding the people eager to listen to the messages of God. In 1919 we baptized more people in Upper Assam than we have done in any previous year. Among these new converts we have several high-caste men who have taken the stand and come out wholly for the Lord."

SOUTH INDIA

The Indian Christians at Nellore, South India have organized an evangelistic association, the purpose of which is the evangelizing of the Nellore field and the strengthening and developing of the weak village schools. This movement is purely Indian in conception and promotion and the part of the missionaries is to be simply advisory and co-operative.

CHINA

Some promising inquirers were enrolled in Suifu, West China, at the end of a week of special evangelistic services. Over a hundred attended the inquirers' class. On Easter Sunday forty-one were baptized and as many more could have been but the missionaries are careful to accept only those who have diligently inquired for a year or more. Among the baptized were the head of the Suifu post-office, a man of education and standing, a teacher, and several students from the primary schools.

Foreign Missionary Record

SAILED

Mr. Arthur Reitnour, from New York, July 31, for Belgian Congo.

ARRIVED

Miss Mabelle Culley, of Swatow, South China, in San Francisco, July 15, 1920.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Gressitt, of Yokohama, Japan, in San Francisco, July 16, 1920.

Miss Annabelle Pawley, of Himeji, Japan, in New York, August 10, 1920.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Smith, of Bhamo, Burma, in Bradford, Pa., June 29, 1920.

Rev. and Mrs. F. C. Wilcox, of Ningpo, East China, June 26, 1920.

BORN

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hinckley Dearing, of Hongkong, China, July 30th, a son, Vinton Adams Dearing. This baby is of interest to Baptists, being the great-grandson of Rev. Henry Hinckley, of Boston, and the grandson of Dr. John Lincoln Dearing, of Japan. He is named for his uncle, one of the heroes of the great war, Lt. Vinton Adams Dearing, D. S. C., who was killed at Soissons, July 18, 1918.

FROM THE HOME LAND

Branding a False Statement

"Will you kindly send me information as to statements made in the enclosed clipping. The paper from which it was taken is considered an authority around here. Our treasurer reports that some of our people refuse to continue giving if these statements are correct. As moderator of this Association I am being met by some rather pointed questions. Kindly advise me as soon as possible, as I consider the situation rather serious. Yours respectfully, W. D. C."

The clipping contained a story referred to below:

"Baptist Society to Spend Millions to Train Priests for Eastern Orthodox Catholic Churches"

This is the headline that appeared recently over an altogether erroneous news article that was published in a New York newspaper. This item has been given a more or less wide reading because other papers in various parts of the country have given it place in

their columns. The writer of this untruthful statement goes on to say that the American Baptist Home Mission Society announces its purpose to serve the Greek Catholic Churches in America, thus putting into practice the most practical example of church unity to date. It is stated furthermore that the teachers in this school will not interfere with doctrines and try to make Baptists out of these eastern orthodox Catholics.

The article brands itself as false, and it was not thought necessary to give public notice to it. However, letters of the above character are being received and in making reply to them through MISSIONS we are more than glad to take advantage of an opportunity to give a wide publicity to the fact that in a recent report of the Department of Foreign-speaking and City Missions of the American Baptist Home Mission Society reference is made to the establishment of the long-needed foreign-speaking school (International Baptist Seminary), which will have its home in the vicinity of New York City, and whose purpose will be the training of ministers and Christian workers in foreign-speaking Baptist churches in this country and in Europe.

Dr. Frank L. Anderson, Secretary for nearly eleven years of the Baptist Executive Council of Chicago, has accepted the invitation of the Board of Managers of the Home Mission Society to become President of the school, and he entered upon his duties May first. Dr. Anderson is especially fitted to carry on this commanding piece of work. He served successfully as pastor at Maywood (Chicago), Austin, Minnesota, and Normal Park (Chicago), before beginning his markedly successful work in city missions in 1909.

CHARLES L. WHITE,
Executive Secretary Home Mission Society.

Rough Experiences for the "Seymour"

"We have had frightful weather the past ten days," Captain G. L. Hall states in a recent letter to the Home Mission rooms. "We were obliged to seek anchorage in as safe a harbor as we could, but that was unprotected as the wind has been coming out of the south day and night. We have been on watch continuously since we came here, sleeping as best we could. Our anchor has been twisted double and we were obliged to use the emergency anchor in addition to the regular one. Other boats have experienced even more trouble. They have dragged their anchors past us but we have remained firm. I have learned long ago the meaning of the gospel song, 'Will Your Anchor Hold?' Please sing this for us in your headquarters prayer-meeting."

A Veteran Frontier Missionary

Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Clouse have been transferred from the Rainy Mountain Mission to Bacone College, where Mr. Clouse will be engaged in teaching, thus continuing as a missionary to the Indians among whom he has labored for over twenty-four years. Coincident with his appointment to the new field, a letter of appreciation of his long term of service with the Home Mission Society was sent to him from the general headquarters by Dr. L. C. Barnes. The letter follows:

"It is with deep regret that we think of your departure from the actual field missionary service to the Indians in which you have been engaged for so many years. At the same time we rejoice in the new sphere of usefulness which opens before you at Bacone College where you will come in touch with hundreds of young Indians, many of whom we hope are to be the leaders of their people for years to come.

"It is difficult to see how any people could have been more loyal to the cause of Christ in the service of Indians in connection with the American Baptist Home Mission Society than you have been. Twenty-four years is an unusual period of continuous service in one place for ministers of the gospel. You have endeared yourselves to the Indians by laying yourselves completely on the altar for their redemption. I wonder how many stars you have in your crowns, red stars. I wonder how many Indians who were once in the service of their heathen god corresponding to Mars, on the warpath for scalps of red men and white men, you have won into the ways of the Prince of Peace. I think that the red stars of war will be transformed into white stars in your crowns. Possibly they will alternate, rubies and diamonds, in the circlets, to suggest the red gods transformed into the image of Him who is the light of the world."

And this from Dr. Charles L. White to the Indian interpreter who has served the cause of Christ so loyally at Rainy Mountain:

Mr. Samuel Ahatone, Carnegie, Okla.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

As Brother Clouse is about to leave Rainy Mountain after such a long period of devoted service, I am reminded of the fact that you too have labored faithfully in that field for twenty-four years. We thank you heartily for all that you have done for Brother Clouse, as an interpreter and in various other ways, and also for the church. It is a great pleasure and comfort to us to know that our missionaries and Indian churches have such loyal helpers and supporters. May the Lord continue to bless your life and service for him.

THE WORLD WIDE GUILD

CONDUCTED BY ALMA J. NOBLE, 218 LANCASTER AVE., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A CHRISTMAS TREE NOW! WHY NOT?

Yes, a lawn party with Japanese lanterns and ice cream cones all around the real live tinsel tree, with a gift for the tree from each guest as admission. A good live missionary play for entertainment. Why missionary? Because the presents from this tree must be packed and sent immediately to some of our missionaries if you would help make some other boys and girls overseas very happy. Some who have never heard a Christmas story might receive a little gift from America if your W. W. G. should right now get busy and make some of your leisure hours count for things really worth while. Please read the following just received from one missionary. I believe W. W. G. No. 297 will feel glad when they read this! Don't you envy them? Then go to it and make a grand success of your Christmas Tree Lawn Party!

"The Hospital Children's Christmas Party is an annual event which is enjoyed quite as much by the nurses and others who prepare for it, as by the children themselves. World Wide Guild No. 297 had sent out Christmas tree trimmings and toys, and other friends had made contributions of toys, candy, oranges, notions, towels, soap, and calendars, so that it was not as hard as you might think to find presents to go all the way around. There were thirty-six children, and they were so happy and pleased to hear the story of the first Christmas as it was beautifully told by one of our most promising young women. We let the grown-ups come in, too, as most all of our in-patients are heathen from inland places. For most of them it was the first Christmas they ever saw or heard of. They are very different from people who live adjacent to our compound, many of whom are second generation Christians.

"But I really ought to start with the Sunday before Christmas, when the Sunday school had their White Gift Service. We are trying to teach them the blessedness of giving, and we missionaries were very happy when the gifts brought in counted up to over a hundred dollars worth. There were bolts of cloth and shoes and other clothing, and rice and other food, a lot of cotton batting, and many money gifts. Each class gave separate gifts, and the unique ways they had of presenting their gifts was very interesting. For instance, a class of boys gave cotton batting to make quilts of, the cotton being on two

great forms made to look like sheep. Another class giving money had the coins pasted on a board so that they looked like five loaves and two fishes. This meeting was held out of doors on the grass, as our chapel is not nearly large enough to hold all departments of the Sunday school at once. There are about five hundred average attendance, and when you consider that the average income of a man here is only about eight dollars a month, you will realize that for these people to give a hundred dollars is like giving over a thousand at home.

"The next day I gave my Sunday school class their party. I attend the class held for the Cradle Roll babies who come with their mothers. They do enjoy the class so much—nobody's baby is a disturbance, because everybody has a baby. On the day of their party they first met on the lawn where I took their picture. I wish you could have seen them. You would say that Chinese babies are quite as dear and cunning as babies anywhere. Then they came to my house to hear the victrola, and enjoy tea and candy. I had provided small gifts all around, a Chinese calendar and three safety pins for the mothers, and a rubber ball and a picture-card for the babies. And were those mothers grateful? I found a bracelet in my Christmas stocking from them. Do I love them? Well, I should say I do!"

"NEVER MIND ME"

Have you seen that little booklet under the above title, by Margaret Slattery? If not, order it from our Literature Department, or get it from your own book store, price 35c. I discovered it at Northfield and I want to quote a few extracts from the second chapter, entitled *The Fever Left Her*, because it expresses the thought that has been growing in my own mind in regard to every member of our World Wide Guild. Back of our fine organization and the work we are trying to do is the Christian character of every one of us, and unless we take time to "commune with Him" we shall never be able to "communicate him" to others. We need to pray every day the words of that beautiful hymn:

"Dear Lord and Master of us all,
Forgive our feverish ways!"

And now let me quote Miss Slattery:

"He touched her hand and the fever left her," I read—

He touched her hand as he only can,
With the wondrous skill of the Great Physician,
With the tender touch of the Son of Man.

And she rose and ministered to her household,

She rose and ministered unto him,
"He touched her hand and the fever left her."

Oh, blessed touch of the Man divine!
So beautiful then to arise and serve him,

When the fever is gone from your life and mine.

It may be the fever of restless serving.
With heart all thirsty for love and praise,

And eyes all aching and strained with yearning

Toward self-set goals in the future days.

Or it may be the fever of spirit anguish,

Some tempest of sorrow that dies not down.

Whatever the fever, his touch can heal it;

Whatever the tempest, his voice can still.

There is only joy as we seek his pleasure;

There is only rest as we choose his will.

Touch thou our hands! Let the fever leave us,

And so shall we minister unto thee.

Have you suffered of late from the fever? It manifests itself in fretfulness, in complaints, in discontent, in criticism, in fear and dread, in mad rushing that leaves no time for thought, in the magnifying of self, in jealousy, envy, doubt, and in its worst form, greed—in special privilege demanded for one's self but not granted to others. Do you recognize any of the symptoms? Go to God. Call for his aid. Get the touch that you may rise and minister. The world needs you. America needs you more at this moment than ever in her history. Can you rise and minister, or are you fever-stricken and powerless in this crisis? What relief when the fever breaks! The strain leaves the fact, confusion leaves the brain, strength and power return, life flows rich and sweet and ministry becomes unspeakable joy. Fever sufferers in any form, mild or virulent, let us go to Christ for the touch of God.

MR. FRIEND-O'-MAN

I know it is the Junior Study Book, but I hope the oldest W. W. G. member will read it. The story is charmingly told, and it is so full of suggestion for practical living. What good will it do you and me if we read this book, and



WORLD WIDE GUILD GIRLS AT THE OHIO BAPTIST ASSEMBLY—NOTE THE W. W. G. MONOGRAM FORMED BY THE GIRLS IN THE FOREGROUND

"Serving the Neighborhood" and "The Church and the Community," and then put all of the good impulses they aroused into cold storage? Why shouldn't you be Miss Friend-O'-Man this winter in your city of As-It-Is? Are you doing any personal work in city missions? That is a form of Home Mission activity which should enlist you girls. They all have sewing schools, kitchen gardens, girls' clubs, social evenings, and best of all, Sunday school. How it would rejoice the Master's heart if he could see 30,000 W. W. G. girls in all of our towns and cities "going about doing good." Send for our free leaflet "The W. W. G. at Work for Christian Americanization."

THE OHIO W. W. G. CAMP

All eyes on Ohio World Wide Guild girls, for they lead the States in attendance, activities, and program. In connection with the State Baptist Assembly this well-organized camp of girls, who know how to mingle fun and work in the right measure, is one of the strong arms of the Assembly.

The history of the camp dates back to a letter from Mary Jones, of China, asking the names of Ohio girls who would be linked up to her in interest, prayers, and letters. The girls were found and one year these lucky thirteen met Mary Jones at the Assembly, and the camp was started.

As the spirit of W. W. G. grows the camp gains momentum. Last year there were eighty present. This year in answer to the summons of the live-wire State Secretary, Mrs. Teradel, more than 300 girls responded. Two dormitories were packed full and the overflow had to be housed in cottages and on the lower campus. Each house and hall had its house-mother and the morning prayer-hour. There was enthusiasm from the first day's make-believe Children's Party to the last hour of consecration on Sugar-Loaf. Another big feature was the W. W. G. picnic in Chapin's Woods when the girls entertained eighty missionaries and outgoing volunteers, serving them a huge birthday cake (yes, with candles) and blue W. W. G. ice cream. We shall never forget those heart-to-heart talks that brought so forcibly the world field and its call.

Ohio girls have a purpose and a mind to work. Thirty volunteered on the grounds for definite Christian service. Others have the vision of leadership in home churches and all have gone home with Guild text-books in their hands and with note-books filled with plans and programs. Surely the song will echo this year:

Nineteen and twenty
Our World Wide Guild!
No other year the same.
Every girl a worker true,
Whatever church or name.
Nineteen and twenty
Our World Wide Guild!
Sunset and evening glow!
But it's the inspiration most
That makes us love it so.

*Helen Crissman -
Field Secretary.*



THESE ARE THE W. W. G. GIRLS OF SANTA ANA, CALIF., WHO HAD THE STUDY BOOKS QUIZ CONTEST (SEE MAY "MISSIONS")

(We are sure the W. W. G. girls will help us increase our list at the dollar rate.—Ed.)

THINGS TO ORDER FOR YOUR CITY, ASSOCIATION, OR STATE W. W. G. RALLIES

You cannot keep the fire bright and warm without plenty of fuel, and you cannot have a successful W. W. G. rally without plenty of missionary fuel in the form of literature. So here is a list of necessary materials and be sure to order in sufficient quantities to meet the demand. Also be sure to place your order at least three weeks in advance. Our "Ready-to-Serve" Programs are ten cents each this year instead of being free as heretofore. Printing is so very expensive that we are glad to pay this nominal price aren't we?

"Ready-to-Serve" Programs	10c
The Bible and Missions.....	40c
Serving the Neighborhood.....	40c
Covenant Cards	5c for 25
W. W. G. Song.....	5c for 25
Songs and Yells.....	5c for 25
Manual	Free
Questionnaire	"
Reading Contest	"
Résumé and Essay Contest.....	"
The W. W. G. at Work for Christian Americanization	"
Pledge Cards	"
Gift Envelopes	"
Applications for Membership	"

Order from Literature Department,
276 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

*Faithfully Yours,
Albertine Bischoff*

PEDDIE W. W. G.

At the Peddie Assembly at Hightstown, N. J., this year, a few W. W. G. girls thought it would be a good plan to get all of the W. W. G. girls who were attending the Assembly to meet some afternoon and discuss their respective Guilds, in order to see how the different Guilds in the State were working.

Such a meeting was announced for the Tuesday afternoon we were at Peddie, to be held on the campus. Members of Guilds from all over the State were present, and after discussing the activities of the Chapters represented, we found one Guild doing White Cross work; another supporting a foreign missionary; one Guild helping to equip an Italian Mission; one sewing sheets, pillow cases, children's dresses, for a missionary to use in the field; some of the girls sewing post-cards together, then making little houses and filling them with pop-corn or candy, and sending them away to the foreign fields. Each Guild represented was contributing to the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies and to the New World Movement. Most all of the Guilds had sent one or two members to Peddie. Each representative was benefited by

hearing what the other Guilds were doing, and made up her mind to do more for her Guild when she got back home.

The meeting was about to close when one of the girls suggested forming a Peddie W. W. G., to be made up of the W. W. G. girls who attended Peddie, with a view to keeping in touch with the different Guilds in the State that were represented at Peddie, in order to see how each Guild was measuring up to the State Program. The motion was unanimously carried to form such a Guild. Ina Ashton, of Collingswood, was elected president; Corinne Naylor, of East Orange, vice-president; Mabel Ivins, of Atlantic City, recording secretary; Gertrude Tilley, of Camden, corresponding secretary, and Miss Edith Town, of the American Baptist Publication Society, counselor. The Recording Secretary tried to get the names of all W. W. G. girls at the Assembly in a book, so as to have a list of names of the members of the first Peddie W. W. G. The Peddie W. W. G. expects to live and grow, and is taking for its motto the Assembly motto this year, "Pulling, not Drifting."—*Gertrude Tilley, Corresponding Secretary.*



W. W. G. CHAPTER AT RIO PIEDRAS FORMED
BY ALBERTINE BISCHOFF

W. W. G. CHAPTER AT RIO PIEDRAS, P. R.

This picture is not very clear, but the girls have very clear ideas of world-wide missions. They are the product of our own Mission School in Rio Piedras, and last year they contributed \$5.00 toward mission work in their own Porto Rico, and sent \$5.00 to Dr. Catherine Mabie's Hospital in Africa, as they had been studying her work. We have another W. W. G. Chapter at Ponce, P. R., under the care of Miss Lulu Huber, and I hope soon to have a picture of that chapter. Aren't you glad to call them sisters?

Isn't it fine that we can have such good pictures, and from so many W. W. G. chapters?

READ AWAY! READ AWAY!

You will have had in your hands, by the time you read this page, the new Reading Contest book list. And what are you going to do about it? The list wasn't compiled and printed to make "scratch paper" for your desk, a bookmark for the last best seller, or a curl-paper for your hair, as David Copperfield's little bride used her cook-book leaves, you know. No, indeed, You are going to take it to your next meeting, along with a catchy poster (you know by this time the *Star* is daft on posters) and call a meeting of your literature or book or national guild activities committees—in whatever province the Reading Contest work lies, under your particular plan of organization.

A thought—whether a happy one or not depends upon the interest and enthusiasm of your girls and the manner of presenting the plan—came our way in a moment of inspiration. Would it not be possible to try arranging your girls in teams of four, leaving name choosing to them if you care for that, and then have the teams intermingle and quiz each other on the content of a Reading Contest book read by all. The scheme would be along this line: Four girls on A team, a a a a; four on B team, b b b b. These eight girls read the same book and then pair up, so: a a b b, a a b b, and the b's quiz the a's and vice versa. Another plan (and in any case a good way is to have all questions equal) is to have a set of ten or fifteen questions prepared, on a book, and see which team comes out ahead. Many combinations are possible, and necessary where copies of one book are not legion. In this last question plan, have one girl from each of four teams read the same book. Allowing a week for each girl to cover the content, after a month the teams could all meet and it would be fun to see which team came out ahead through its representative. It has seemed as though the covering of the books on the list were rather superficial, but then, the girls are busy and the study-book content becomes familiar at least.—*Dorothy Cedarholm Crockett, in The Star.*

MODEL OF OUR JUBILEE WORLD WIDE GUILD DORMITORY

An exact model of our Jubilee Dormitory for girls at Swatow, China, has been made in China and brought over here by Miss Mabel Culley, one of the teachers in the Girls' School, and if you will go to 276 Fifth Avenue, Room 806, you will see it reposing on a table in Miss Prescott's office. It is to be built of the granite quarried right out of East Hill and you can see a piece of the granite. You may also see the plans of the building. I hope the W. W. G. girls living in and near New York will

surely visit our dormitory and that any other Guild girls who may be visiting in the metropolis will do likewise. (Those who cannot see the model at headquarters shall have a picture of it in MISSIONS just as soon as we can get a photograph made, and of the plans also.—ED.)



"FLING OUT THE BANNER"

Fling out the C. W. C. banner, far and wide, so that every boy and girl in our denomination may have a chance to rally with enthusiasm to the standard and joyfully shout, "Christ for the world we sing, the world to Christ we bring."

Since our last message, two more States have secured secretary directors, so that now there are only nine out of our thirty-four States that have no leader, and in two of these the district officer is practically doing the State work. This is a year when we could make tremendous strides in our work, if every State and association were properly officered. We may do it anyway, if there is even one woman or girl in each community who will "take it upon herself." (Read again Margaret Slattery's book, "He Took It Upon Himself.") This Fall there are to be a number of Mission Study Institutes conducted in various centers, under the direction of the Department of Missionary Education of the Board of Education, which will give practical help in methods of organization and teaching, of inestimable value to leaders. State and association leaders will advertise these institutes, and where there are no

such leaders, these self-appointed trail-blazers will "take it upon themselves" to get those who would make good children's leaders to the meetings. A letter recently received from a woman enthusiastic over this very plan, says of a



CRUSADERS OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C., READY TO PRESENT THE CHINESE PLAY, "SUN-SHI-NING"

definite preliminary part of the work, "Will anyone from your office be doing that? If not, I will." That is the spirit that brings things worth while to pass.



THESE ARE THE JEWELS OF THE COVINA (CALIF.) BAPTIST CHURCH

The study books, helps, and plans for all the groups of the C. W. C. this year are fascinating, and if ever there was an auspicious time to capture the interest of boys and girls, it is now.

Read the article by Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery in *The Baptist* for July 31, on "Training Our Children For Missionary Leadership," and see what one church is doing, and hear the verdict of the boys of that church. Most fortunately, I have pictures of the Covina boys and girls, of whom Mrs. Montgomery writes. If you do not subscribe to *The Baptist*, send ten cents to 417 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, for a copy of that issue.

Mrs. C. P. MacGregor, of Lawrence, Mass., gives us an idea of the value of the press in our C. W. C. work. She encloses with her letter, part of which

I quote below, a newspaper clipping showing a picture, covering three columns of the page, of a Maypole party given by the three groups of the C. W. C. A splendid account of the organization and the party accompanied the picture. Mrs. MacGregor writes: "It occurred to me that the enclosed clipping and invitations might interest you. The Crusaders and Heralds have had the most fascinating parties each month, excepting June, July, and August, for the past two years, and so successful have they been, that new children have been added to our Sunday school because they wanted to be where there were such interesting and jolly times provided for them. The 'Pleasant Valley children' referred to in the clipping, are the Italian tots from our mission Sunday school in that section, and they are included each year in the Maypole party, and always seem to have a glorious time among our own Heralds and Crusaders. The Jewels and their mothers are included in these parties twice a year, in May and February. The leader of the Crusaders and Heralds



CRUSADER COMPANY OF THE COVINA (CALIF.) CHURCH, CONCERNING
WHOSE BOYS AND GIRLS MRS. MONTGOMERY WROTE

was sent to Northfield for both the Home and the Foreign Conferences, and she has returned with great enthusiasm and splendid new plans and ideas. . . We are looking for great results from such faithful foundation work among our boys and girls."

A SECRET ON DR. GROSE

Since Dr. Grose said nothing to me about that paragraph he put in our column last month, I am going to slip one in this month without his knowing it. I am glad he has given us some more chances to submit drawings for our heading. We have boys and girls that do nice work, and I should be more than delighted if some of them would send some drawings. They may go directly to Dr. Howard B. Grose, 276 Fifth Ave., New York City, or to me and I will forward them. Let's have a *shower* for him.

ACCEPT OUR CONGRATULATIONS, PLEASE, MISS STYRON, MISS BENNETT, AND MR. BURSTON, ON WINNING THE PRIZES.

"THE LIVING MAP"

Doesn't that fire your curiosity? Could anything so cut and dried as a map ever be made to live and move and have being? Yea, verily, not only "could," but "is," and to prove it to yourself, send for the Herald Programs and follow Mrs. F. S. Osgood's directions and you and the Heralds will ever after think of Alaska in terms of life. She gives even the potatoes a friendly personality.

"MR. FRIEND-O'-MAN"

When the first announcement of the Junior Home Mission study book came the title was "Mr. Friend-O'-Man of the City of Is-To-Be," and while it was a bit cumbersome for every-day use, I feel a little disappointed to have half of it omitted, as the book now appears.

However, there is no disappointment with the book itself, and the helps provided for it. The "Manual for Leaders," (10c.), is full of good suggestions, and the aim of the book as given in page six of the "Manual" should be frequently referred to in order to make sure that the results desired are being obtained. Miss Applegarth, with characteristic terseness, states the aim of the book to be "To make Christians, and to spread Christianity." Because the manuals for both the Home and the Foreign books are so complete with suggestions for programs, invitations, posters, and devotional services, there will be no separate programs for Crusaders printed this year.

The "Model City," (60c), is a set of drawings of the church, houses, factory, library, etc., which may be colored with crayons or water-colors, cut out and pasted together. The picture sheet, "Children of the City," (15c.), is a set of pictures which will provide illustrative work. These are very easily used

and will be effective with practically no trouble to the leader. But even at the expense of artistic effect, possibly, the buildings which the children may make out of boxes and cardboard and paste will be more valuable to them. If the leader cannot fashion the various buildings herself, the children can hunt for colored pictures in magazine advertisements, and paste them on cardboard with a standard to stand them up. This poem of Felix Adler will enrich the minds of the Crusaders. Have them learn it.

THE CITY OF OUR HOPES

Sing we of the Golden City,
Pictured in the legends old:
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous things of it are told.
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming walls,
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns through all its halls.

We are builders of that City,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building stones.
For that City we must labor,
For its sake bear pain and grief,
In it find the end of living
And the anchor of belief.

Mary L. North

218 Lancaster Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Dollar a Year Only

The Editor is sure that the increase in price from fifty cents to one dollar will not keep any of the C. W. C. from subscribing or getting others to subscribe for MISSIONS. It will still be wonderfully cheap in price.



INDUSTRIAL WORK AT ONE OF OUR SCHOOLS IN CONGOLAND

THE OPEN FORUM OF METHODS

CONDUCTED BY ESTELLA SUTTON AITCHISON

Concerning the "Carry-on Campaign"

"The drive is over; the campaign is just begun," said Rev. T. J. Parsons, Promotional District Superintendent in Indiana. Let this be the key word for the women of the churches, upon whose leadership so largely depends the successful completion of the Hundred Million Dollar Fund. Those in the 1,216 churches which have already reached their allotments may find their task in lending a hand to help neighboring congregations over the top. The Spring Drive was flecked with bright spots where church leaders and, in some instances, entire congregations were commandeered by lagging churches to "Come over and show us how you did it." In one way or another, every individual and every church has a part to bear in the great campaign now before us.

"It simply cannot be done. It is absolutely impossible," said a recent correspondent in writing of the big Baptist undertaking. Right-o, Sister! We're agreed to the last fraction of a tittle. Baptists simply cannot face the task which the failure of statesmen, politicians, and reformers has put squarely up to the church, with anything less than this minimum-responsibility sum agreed upon by our representatives at the Denver Convention last year. "It is absolutely impossible" to say to our missionaries upon whose urgent needs the estimates of the Survey were built: "We cannot back your sacrifices with our money. You must scale down your operations to correspond with our present total."

In the report of the General Director of the Board of Promotion, adopted by the Convention at Buffalo, we read: "We cannot go on to victory unless we all go on together. It will require the maximum effort of all Northern Baptists. We are undertaking proportionately the biggest program ever attempted by any denomination. It will take the utmost effort of every consecrated man and woman. If any Baptist feels that somehow or other this is going to be accomplished without his help, then we shall fail to the extent of that help."

The Forum Conductor has received enough S. O. S. calls during the summer from woman's circles asking for practical plans to help in completing their quotas to test the pulse beat of our big, earnest, determined, persistent-to-the-end constituency. A few plain suggestions:

RED LETTER DAYS OF THE CAMPAIGN

(1) The month of November has been designated as the time for greatly increasing subscriptions to our denominational papers and our missionary magazine. Slogan: A Baptist paper and MISSIONS in every Baptist home.

(2) Christian Stewardship Week, coinciding with National Thrift Week, will be observed from January 17-24. While in every church Christian Stewardship must be a matter of persistent and progressive culture, this period should be made one for special emphasis upon the stewardship message and the definite enrolment of Christian Stewards from the congregation.

(3) Victory Anniversary Week is suggested for April 25 to May 2, that date marking the first anniversary of the greatest financial victory our churches have ever achieved. It is suggested that each year this be made the period for "presenting to new members received during the year, and to members whose financial resources have increased during the year, their obligation to make adequate contribution toward the progress of the kingdom of God."

BUT HOW?

In many an earnest mind this is still the big interrogation. By rummaging in her mental attic the Forum Conductor might assemble a heterogeneous collection of plans for church fairs and bazaars, chicken dinners, oyster suppers, ice cream festivals, "pay" sociables, cake auctions, grab-bags, indoor fish ponds, and the like, were it not for certain well-worn pages in an old Book that open almost of themselves to injunctions to a radically different way of financing the kingdom. We know of but one comprehensive method which will develop the spiritual values that must be the dominant issue in our Hundred Million Dollar Campaign, viz., *the forcible, persistent presentation of inspirational, informational missionary material, saturated through and through with prayer*, until there is created an atmosphere in which the plea for pledges will meet with a response worthy of each individual facing Christ and the present crucial needs of his kingdom. By all means possible bring the church-members face to face with the facts of the world field, and do this so persistently and repeatedly that the springs of action must of necessity be reached. Any successful advertiser knows the psychology

of the oft-repeated, but ever attractively varied appeal. Add to this the urge of the Spirit of God and the potency of a prayer-charged atmosphere and you will have a "method" that is irresistible.

Now a definite plan has been worked out for all this, but it seems that as yet hundreds of churches and thousands of their members have not become familiar with the Standard Plan of Campaign as set forth in the Board of Promotion Handbook, nor with the material ready to hand in "The Quicken Book," "The World at the Cross Roads," "The Weekly Stride," or the great variety of inspirational leaflet material for use under the Family Group Plan—all furnished free for the asking.

In addition to these, the writer has seen several pageants used by woman's circles for week-day or Sabbath presentation which, though requiring considerable preparation, were such forcible and wide-reaching vehicles for the truth that they amply repaid the effort. One of these, in particular, has been powerfully used of God in reaching the consciences and the pocket-books of the audience. I refer to "The Striking of America's Hour" (price 15 cents), which puts squarely up to our beloved country the chief responsibility for meeting the needs at home and abroad. Others a little less elaborate are: "Christ in America" (10 cents), "A Pageant of Democracy" (15 cents), "A Pageant of World Wide Missions" (10 cents), "The Dream Chest" (5 cents), "The Happiest Plan" (10 cents)—these latter being Christian Americanization exercises, the former for juniors and the latter for young women—and a variety of others listed in the catalogs of our Home and Foreign Missionary Societies. In churches where the concrete appeal is needed (and where is it not the most forcible thing?), why not use one of these missionary pageants to arouse and deepen the interest.

Last but not really first are the stereopticon slides and lectures prepared by the Board of Promotion for this very purpose. They bear specifically upon the campaign and its needs. Used in connection with the Survey and its attendant programs (Have you seen them—that wide variety of ready-to-use programs to popularize the Survey material?), no church from Podunk Center to Fifth Avenue can fail to find most valuable kingdom propaganda.

BUT WHERE?

Having been for several years at the multiple cross-roads which point to well-nigh all of the thirty-two points of the compass—General Home, General Foreign, Woman's Home, Woman's Foreign, State, City, District, etc., it is with a huge sigh of relief that the Forum Conductor plants a new Baptist sign-board: *This Way to the Literature De-*

partment! For various reasons, one of which being that the burg in which the General Board of Promotion is located lies at the edge of Uncle Sam's homestead, it has been decided best to have each of the State Promotional Headquarters carry the full assortment of literature under all labels. It seems at present writing that there may be a few exceptions to this rule, in which cases the literature orders may be sent to the Literature Department of the General Board of Promotion, 276 Fifth Ave., New York City. But try your own State headquarters first.

FRESH GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELD

Living Posters: "It is one thing to state facts and quite another thing to cause an audience really to grasp the facts stated," says *The Missionary Review of the World*. "Charts and posters help to visualize missionary facts. The liveliest posters of all that are being presented are real, living posters.

"Miss Mary C. Wiley has conducted a display of such posters in a Presbyterian church in Winston-Salem, N. C. Each year the mission board of the Southern Presbyterian Church names some specific field to be presented to the church on Children's Day. Much literature and many attractive posters are sent out. In order to make the posters really live, the local committee substituted real folks in costume on the platform for the picture folks that were to be hung on the wall. Every detail was carefully worked out. One poster presented a 'Korean bending under a heavy load labeled, 'Ancestor worship, poverty, ignorance, sin, and disease.' 'Help take off Korea's load,' pleaded this living poster. One after another the groups were formed in tableaux. A reader who stood at one side gave the title and stated facts about each poster. After the last had been presented, she stepped forward and made an earnest plea for helpers, adapting the 'Call for a Hundred Heralds,' in *Women Workers of the Orient*."

Results reported are a most interested audience, members of school who took part really impressed with facts and conditions they pictured, parents more definitely enlisted because of the cooperation in preparation of costumes and study of facts, and the larger gifts which always follow intelligent interest.

"Moving Mottoes" added another feature to the program. Striking missionary mottoes were printed on large sheets of heavy cardboard and mounted on handles. A procession of boys bore these mottoes aloft, each boy stopping in the middle of the platform to speak the words he carried. The long line of mottoes as the boys all faced the front together made a very striking, silent address.

The above plans would furnish a most

excellent method of visualizing facts in the Survey. Will anyone making such a program kindly send it to the Conductor for early use in the Open Forum. See also the program entitled, "Missions' Progress," in the set of programs for women's circles, furnished by the Board of Promotion.

"A Trip Around the World," as told at a Northfield conference by Mrs. G. W. Chaffee, of Somerville, Mass.: "An attractive poster was placed in the vestibule of our church stating that the steamship 'Imagination' would sail on a certain date for a trip around the world; that stops would be made at certain points that passengers might have opportunity to study the character and customs of the countries and their people; that special refreshments peculiar to the country would be served at each stop and an opportunity be given to inspect interesting exhibits of souvenirs. The poster was decorated with the picture of a steamer. Tickets were made after the usual model with coupons to be detached at each stop, the last one on the strip reading, 'Good for one first-class passage from Boston to Alexandria.' The trip was, of course, laid out so we could study the countries and missions with which we were most concerned.

"At each meeting we had a conductorette in charge who made up the program, in which different speakers told us of the points of interest in the country, of its social customs, its religions, the mission work being done there, etc. Anyone having souvenirs or curios of any kind from the country at which we stopped was asked to bring them, and opportunity was given for questions. Light refreshments at least suggestive of the country were served after the program. Our trip was a great success, the attendance large and the interest keen."

This, too, furnishes a most excellent vehicle for the very sort of factual presentation needed in bringing our churches into the mood for our drive. The entire trip could be in one evening, or be subdivided, according to the ticket coupons, into a series of evenings. Please send us any such programs you may arrange.

Where to Order Missionary Literature

All our national missionary societies have consolidated their literature departments in the Literature Department of the General Board of Promotion, and all the promotional literature heretofore published by the missionary societies is now published and circulated by this department. A joint catalogue has been published, listing all the literature relating to the work of all our missionary societies, which will be sent to any address on request.

The permanent centers for the distri-

bution of literature will probably be decided by the General Board of Promotion at its November meeting. Meanwhile three literature bureaus have been organized for the convenience of those not within reach of New York. The location of these bureaus is temporary, it being thought wise, in the interest of economy, to utilize offices and equipment now available rather than to incur expense unnecessarily, pending decision by the General Board of Promotion as to permanent centers of distribution.

Beginning September 1, therefore, all the literature relating to the work of any of our missionary societies can be secured from any of the following addresses:

Literature Department, General Board of Promotion, 276 Fifth Ave., New York City; Literature Bureau, General Board of Promotion, Ford Building, Boston; Literature Bureau, General Board of Promotion, 2969 Vernon Ave., Chicago; Literature Bureau, General Board of Promotion, 506 Columbia Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

It may be added that of course this does not in any way affect the publishing of books by the American Baptist Publication Society, with whose headquarters and branch houses the new Literature Department is working in heartiest cooperation.

STACY R. WARBURTON,
Secretary of Literature.
276 Fifth Ave., New York.

Mount Hermon School of Missions

Baptists were prominent in the Federated School of Missions at Mount Hermon, California, July 5-12. There are eight denominations in the school. The two text-books used were Mrs. Montgomery's "The Bible and Missions" and Diffendorfer's "The Church and the Community," the former taught by Mrs. A. Rosenberger, of Whittier College (Friends), and the latter by Mrs. H. A. Fisk, of Monrovia. Miss N. Mabel Hall, Baptist district secretary of Americanization, was among the speakers. Mrs. Miles Fox, Baptist women's home mission director for north California, had charge of the daily Open Parliament for the discussion of mission methods. Miss Dorothy Beach, of Oakland First Baptist Church, conducted the Children's Story Hour. On Thursday evening Dr. John Snape, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Oakland, gave a witty and instructive address on "How to Find Yourself." He also spoke at the joint rally of the Baptist and Christian women, and was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. R. E. Beach, of Oakland First Church, former chairman of the Federated School. The registration was 122. Free evening lectures were given on India, Hawaii, and Palestinian peasant life, with stereopticon pictures.—Mary E. Bamford.

MISSIONS' PUZZLE PAGE

<p>1</p>  <p>and P OR T OR A B C</p> <p>The Countries -</p>	<p>2</p>  <p>A Lady Missionary whose associate has been taken from her to the Homeland.</p>	<p>3</p>  <p>A Missionary whose first names are Juan Matlos.</p>
<p>4</p> <p>MARTHA MORE</p> <p>Lady missionary who helps many churches</p>	<p>5</p> <p>Dr. & Y</p> <p>The principal of our Institute for the Training of Workers</p>	<p>6</p> <p>The missionary who has taken up the work of Theological Instruction laid down by #5</p> 

NEW SERIES—NO. 4. SELF-EXPLANATORY

Each of the above pictures indicates what it represents. Somewhere in this issue will be found the answer to each of the puzzles. Can you guess them?

WHAT WE OFFER

For a correct set of answers, and the best article not exceeding one hundred

and fifty words in length on the subject, "The Great Objective of the New World Movement," a first prize will be given, consisting of two missionary books. For correct answers and second best article, one missionary book. For correct answers and third best article, a year's subscription to MISSIONS, sent to any address.

THERE WILL BE SOME MISSIONARY GAMES IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE. LOOK OUT FOR THEM

Some Dont's

Don't say "tow" much when you mean "too" much.

Don't say "the curricula gives," because curricula is plural, while the singular is curriculum.

Don't refuse to read a missionary sketch because you don't know how to pronounce the foreign names or terms.

In the Name of God, Amen!

This valuable handbook (which takes its title from the opening words of the Mayflower Compact) is offered to pastors, together with a Dramatic Service for church and community exercises, and booklets for congregational distribution in preparation for

Mayflower Universal Bible Sunday

NOVEMBER 28, 1920

Send request for descriptive circular
AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY
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An African Mother

BY MARTHA ELVIRA PETTUS

"The white people and the black speak together of the things of God and of the needs of the soul.

"I have met grief," sighs one. "It is a beautiful word, that we shall meet our little ones again. I have said in my heart that I will arise and follow them to the town of our God."—From "The Call of the Dark Forest," in *MISSIONS*.

"We shall meet them again! 'tis a beautiful word:

Our own little children who died:
O Friend from afar, 'tis the dearest I've heard!"

Thus a mother in Africa sighed.

"Grief I've known," said this mother;
"tis now many years;

But sorrow has grown strangely sweet,
O my friend! since I heard, on the dark mountain path,
The sound of your beautiful feet.

I have said in my heart, that I now will arise

And follow the pathway they trod.
My children are dwelling above the fair skies

In the Heavenly City of God.

And I know that the tidings you tell me are true;

My heart springs, that glory to meet:
For the music that's thrilling my soul through and through,

Is the sound of your beautiful feet!"

—Martha E. Pettus.

Another Testimony for Personal Work

The value and blessing of personal work has been practically demonstrated by E. J. Playfoot, of Galetton, Pa. A layman past seventy years of age. He has gone from home to home talking to people about their need of a Saviour. He usually introduces himself by asking them if they know that Jesus died to save them, often giving them a tract on which John 3:16 is printed with the title, "A GIFT." This work was done during the past winter in the rural mountain districts of Pennsylvania, covering a distance of twenty-five miles. Often Mr. Playfoot walked a distance of ten to twelve miles a day through snow-drifted country roads, stopping at every home teaching God's Word.

The result has been gratifying. In one small district alone there have been over twenty who have professed Christ, making their profession known by being buried with him in baptism in a beautiful mountain stream near by. One of the baptismal scenes was the most beautiful and impressive services the writer has ever witnessed. The Galetton Baptist church is investing time and money in this work. Pastor J. Wilson Brown baptized the converts. Is not the crying need of the day for more personal evangelism?—E. W. P.

Northern Baptist Convention Committees

President E. L. Tustin has made the following appointments on committees, all of which are to serve for three years:

1. Baptist Bodies Using Foreign Languages: Secretary C. A. Brooks, New York; Professor Antonio Mangano, Brooklyn; Rev. S. Cross, Cleveland; Rev. Frank Peterson, Minneapolis; Rev. T. Rzepecki, Chicago; Secretary Mrs. K. S. Westfall, New York.

2. City Missions: Rev. C. H. Sears, New York; Rev. Benjamin Otto, Chicago; Rev. W. E. Waterbury, Boston.

3. Evangelism: Rev. C. H. Rust, Scranton, Pa.; Rev. H. F. Stilwell, Cleveland; Rev. T. J. Villers, Detroit.

4. Law: Hon. Edward S. Clinch, New York; Mr. A. L. Abbott, St. Louis.

5. Social Service: Rev. S. Z. Batten, Philadelphia; Rev. H. D. Coe, Bristol, Conn.; Mrs. W. A. Montgomery, Rochester; Prof. A. W. Small, Chicago.

6. Transportation Manager: Mr. W. G. Brimson, Chicago.

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Foreign Mission Notes

PHILIPPINES

One missionary writes from Iloilo, a city with a student population of about 1,500: "We find the students receptive and quite ready to respond to modern methods of approach, both social and spiritual, and feel assured that with the coming years the fruitage will be assured if we plan and execute carefully and prayerfully."

SOUTH INDIA

Christian government officials in the Udayagiri field used their brief holiday season in voluntary evangelistic work among the villages.

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Denominational Paper Month

NOVEMBER set apart as a period in which the subscription lists of our Baptist papers shall be greatly increased.

At the Workers' Conference at Winona Lake the following was unanimously adopted as the objective for November:

1. A *minimum* of one subscription to every ten Baptists, a *maximum* of a Baptist paper in every home.
2. That the quota for subscriptions to denominational papers be considered just as vital a part of the denominational program as the financial quota.
3. That State Boards of Promotion, in cooperation with *The Baptist* and *Missions*, be especially charged with the responsibility of attaining the above objective.
4. That the above recommendations apply to *Missions* as well as to *The Baptist*.

November is the month, then, that should give

"Missions" 100,000 Subscribers

Now is the time for our friends to make a drive for *Missions*. "*Missions* and a Baptist paper in every Baptist home"—that is our motto.

We make special appeal for your aid in order that our splendid list of 65,000 may not be decreased, but greatly increased, in spite of the necessary advance in price to \$1 a year in clubs, \$1.25 single subscriptions.

Missions was never needed so much as now.

It is absolutely essential to the success of our present campaign that the information be given most widely that means moving the heart and will to act in response to the Kingdom appeal.

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Child of the Sea

By Mrs. J. P. Duggan

The journal of a Christian worker in Porto Rico in the years immediately subsequent to the passage of the island into possession by the United States. It could not fail incidentally to open windows upon the attractiveness of the tropical scenery; but its finest service is in introducing the reader to the home life of the people, the humbler folk especially, and in showing how practical is the touch of the woman missionary upon the home interests of intelligence, health, and morals. The book has been adopted as collateral reading for mission circles.

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